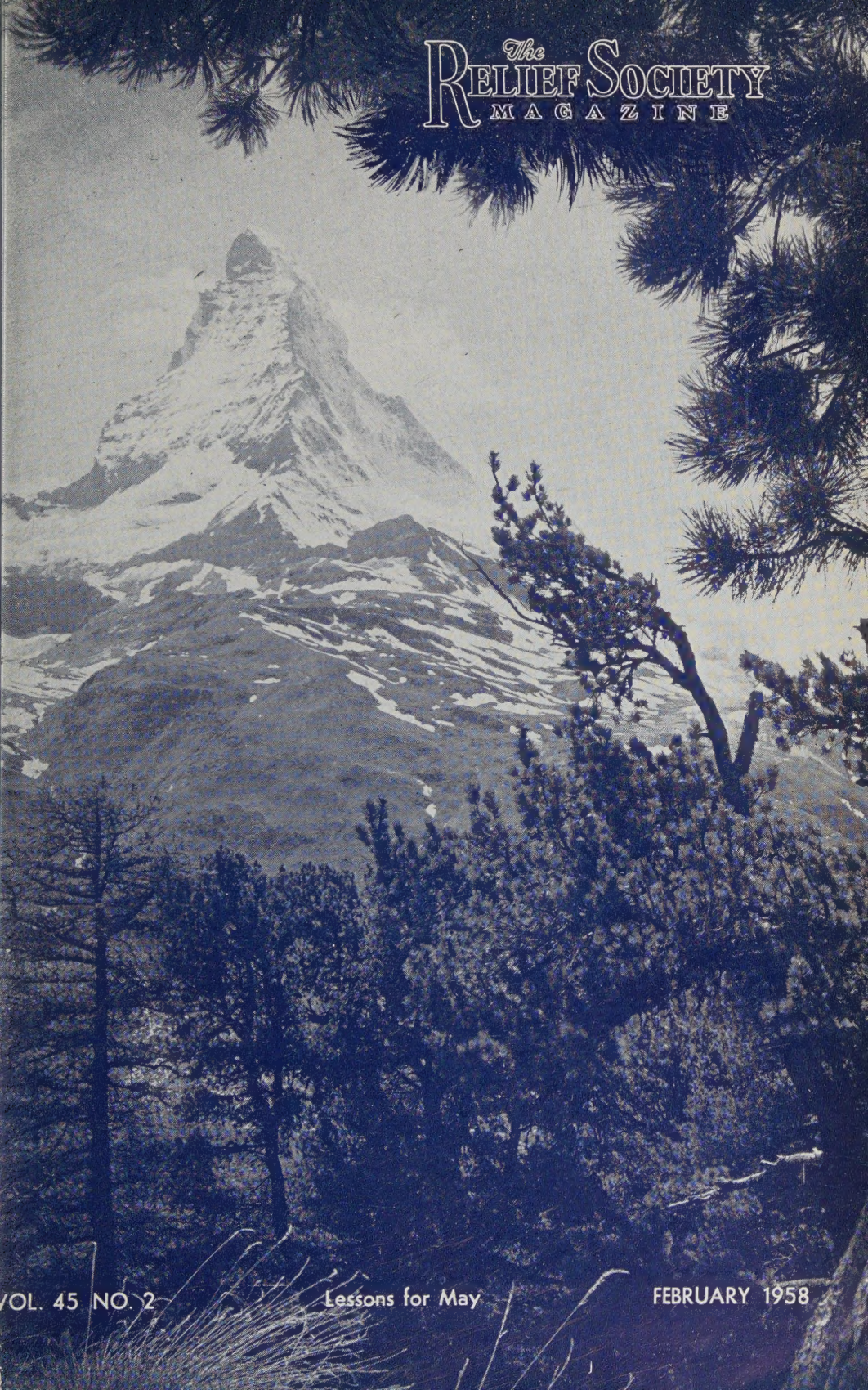

VOL. 45 NO. 2 Lessons for May FEBRUARY 1958

Song for Winterset

Lizabeth Wall Madsen

Walk gently now into this winter night.
Hold in your eyes the filigree of frost
Upon the lace of branches and the white
Cold footsteps where the ice has lately crossed
The river. Memorize the drifts along
The fences and the roadbeds, and the veils
That smoke is weaving on the sky, the song
Of wind that cries between the pasture rails.

Only a little time is left of gray
And white, the cool and colorless, the still.
Remember it before you walk the way
Of sun again to climb a golden hill.
Go gently; there is little time to know
The brief white healing of the thinning snow.

The Cover: The Matterhorn in the Swiss Alps
Photograph by Josef Muench

Frontispiece: The Grand Tetons, Wyoming
Photograph by Josef Muench

Cover design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

As this is the season for expressing a good wish, I am taking this opportunity to tell you that I think your editorials are masterpieces, not only of English composition, but transcendent in thought. Many thanks for their inspirational beauty.

—Grace Ingles Frost
Provo, Utah

There is more information in *The Relief Society Magazine* than in any other I can get. How you make it up for the low subscription rate is wonderful. The stories are good, but the poems are better. In "Thanksgiving Song," November 1957, by Margery S. Stewart, I believe is the first expression that I have seen of someone being thankful for nurses and doctors, along with other people and things. Being a nurse, I appreciate that thought.

—Eva W. Alsip
Middleboro, Kentucky

A few years back my dear mother gave me a most wonderful birthday gift. It was a subscription to our wonderful *Relief Society Magazine*. I have enjoyed it so very much and wish to thank my mother and everyone who has made this *Magazine* possible to me.

—Fontella Varney
Dearborn, Michigan

I want to express how much I enjoyed the September *Relief Society Magazine*, and the cover was so interesting to me as I have climbed to the top of that Pagoda (Tiger Pagoda in Hong Kong, China) several times, and the view from the top is breathtaking. The picture brought back many memories of our missionary work in China.

—Hazel M. Robertson
Provo, Utah

I have been an admirer of our wonderful *Magazine* a year now, since after a visit to a cousin in Provo, Utah. I find many wonderful things in the *Magazine*, it is a delight to receive it.

—Louise Carroll
Washington, Michigan

Thank you for publishing my poem "For You at Christmas" in the December issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. It surely was a thrill to appear in the same *Magazine* again with Iris W. Schow and Mabel Law Atkinson. We appeared together as winners in the 1951 Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest. Since then Sister Atkinson and I have become pen pals, and I surely watch for and enjoy everything she writes. I think that Iris W. Schow's poetry shows great talent, it is very rich and deep, the diction is beautiful. Her mother, Eleanor W. Schow, writes with a great depth of feeling and tenderness, so beautifully expressed in "Blessed Among Women," in the December issue. I believe the poetry in *The Relief Society Magazine* is some of the best I have ever read, and it is an honor to be published in this *Magazine*.

—Sylvia Probst Young
Midvale, Utah

MY GUEST

I have a very special guest
Who comes to call and stays,
And she is just the sweetest thing—
With unpretentious ways. . . .

She has a multitude of friends,
But she still has time to spare;
I know she would come into your home,
If you'd invite her there.
Please subscribe to your
RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

—Arlene L. Guy
Manteca, California

We all enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* very much out here in the mission field. It is the "bridge" or "path" over which we can travel right into the very hearts and homes of the sisters everywhere.

—Flo Cole
Dewey, Oklahoma

Each issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* is a wonderful help, and gives one so much inspiration. I especially enjoy the editorials.

—Camille C. Nuffer
Bozeman, Montana

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Family Unity

Dantzel W. Nelson

AS the only male member in our family of seven, our Daddy is slightly outnumbered. He also has to be a bit of a Solomon to help smooth over the temperamental crises that arise. In our family, Daddy acts as the steadying influence in keeping family unity in our home. It can be noticed first thing in the morning when the "good fairies" (including Daddy) scurry around straightening beds while Mother is preparing breakfast. With much praise and exclaiming from Mother, a happy feeling of accomplishment prevails at breakfast, and thence into family prayer which is called to order by the ringing of a little bell, the sole use of which is to call the family together. To ring the family prayer bell is a privilege, enjoyed especially by two-year-old Sylvia. Family prayer constitutes an important support for unity in our home, for it is evident that "The family that prays together, stays together." Morning and night, and at mealtimes we unitedly give our thanks for our many blessings and pray for the righteous desires of our hearts. The opportunity of being leader is given to each in turn.

Of course, with our Daddy being a doctor, his work frequently prohibits his being with us, but we still are a family and try to carry on the same without him as when he is here. We do strive to be all together at least once a day, and it usually is for the evening meal.

As a family, we celebrate as many occasions as possible with a party. We find that we have our most fun and satisfaction preparing and planning to please other members of the family. Even our Family Hour has become more successful since it has been known as our "Family Party." One night a week, we try to have our Family Party. It begins early in the day, as one of the four oldest girls is to plan the menu and help prepare dinner for that night. Whatever she prepares for dessert, we use as refreshments at the end of our party. It's amazing how everyone tries her best to eat all that has been prepared so our little cook for the evening won't be disappointed. Of course, the cook is so pleased if everyone enjoys her masterpieces. As of the present, Mother has to give a few hints and a bit of help, but it won't be too long before all the girls can plan and prepare a meal with skill. Marsha, our nine-year-old, presents an especially well-prepared dinner already, and with very little assistance. After dinner, our party begins with prayer and then opens with the business portion. Responsibilities are delegated, and problems are discussed at this time. Recently, for example, the discussion evolved around the change in bedrooms and sleeping companions necessitated by the expectation of a little newcomer into our family circle. Following the business portion is the program where the children each participate. They tell a story they have heard in school, or sing a song, or play the piano. Wendy, age six, and Gloria, age five, especially enjoy acting out

DR. RUSSELL M. NELSON AND HIS FAMILY

Left to right: Gloria; Wendy; Dr. Nelson; Dantzel White Nelson, holding Sylvia; Marsha; Brenda.

nursery rhymes. The family must guess what they are attempting to depict. Brenda, age three, likes to dance to a record. Then, after closing prayer, we have our refreshments, and after a quick cleanup, the girls are all tucked into bed. Not every family night is conducted in this manner. For variety, we may watch home movies, or visit other members of our families, or on special occasions, such as Christmas, we may decorate the tree, prepare homemade gifts, or sing carols together.

BIRTHDAYS provide another important time for family celebrations. These are days when we try to give special attention to one in particular; something that is otherwise difficult to achieve in a large family. Even if the birthday girl is only one-year-old, she has her own birthday cake and a party, with small gifts from each of her sisters. We blow up balloons and sing "Happy Birthday" after a family dinner. Grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins are invited to come in during the evening for cake and ice cream. For the older girls, friends are included as well, if this is their desire. Sisters are always included in the party and bring small gifts as do all of the invited guests. Daddy usually gets home for the end of the party and takes pictures so each one may have a record of her birthday event.

In twelve years of married life, we have moved seven times, including sojourns from Salt Lake City to Minneapolis, to Washington, D. C., to Boston, to Minneapolis, and finally, back to Salt Lake City. As a consequence, the move has usually represented the only vacation time that we have had. We have always moved together, and our trips in the

car have been most enjoyable. Recently, we motored to the Zion, Grand Canyon, and Bryce national parks. Such excursions constitute an unexcelled opportunity to learn to get along with each other and the lessons of tolerance and adaptability. On-the-spot education relating to points of interest in the history of our country and Church has been possible at places like Provincetown, Plymouth, Palmyra, Kirtland, Nauvoo, and many other interesting sites. For nearly four years, we have traveled in our station wagon, that is expertly packed by our Daddy with a "bedroom" in the back, "sitting room" in the middle, and with Mother and Daddy in the front. Each child gets a turn at each place. We spice up the monotony of travel by playing games; mostly guessing games. Particular favorites are the singing games where each one gets a turn to hum a song while the others hasten to state the name of it. For diversion, a surprise sack is prepared before departure in which are individually wrapped surprises, such as tiny dolls, crayons and coloring books, puzzles, bright shiny measuring spoons for the baby; anything that will keep them occupied. These are given out one at a time when tempers begin to flare and little backs get tired of sitting. Often, this has saved the day and helped restore peace to troubled tots.

What a thrill it was to take our sweet little girls to see the Salt Lake, St. George, and Manti temples; to answer their questions and explain that, because of the temple marriage of their Mother and Daddy, we may be privileged to continue our family relationships into the eternities ahead, if we keep ourselves worthy. Never has there been such a feeling of closeness in our family, and how thrilled we were when our oldest girl said, "When I grow up, I'm going to marry someone like Daddy in the temple; then we can always be together, too." How we hope and pray each day that she and her sisters will all prepare to achieve this goal!

IT is a wonderful thing for children to have a Father who really enjoys his children; a Father who is vitally concerned about their spiritual, as well as physical, well-being. The girls look forward to his coming home. He washes their hair, helps teach them cleanliness, plays with them, and even takes them on special trips with him. Our oldest girls have each had a trip with their Daddy when he has traveled out of the State on speaking engagements. They have journeyed by train, taxi, and plane, and these trips are something they never will forget. Not only is it educational for them, but they get the opportunity to become better acquainted with their Daddy. They come back with a new love for each other and an understanding that comes from being treated "like a princess." It is such a good way to get close to each other in a way they can't do at home when Daddy has to be divided five ways. At home, we try to get special time alone with each child, but it is difficult to get away from doctor's duties, home duties, and Church duties, etc. long enough to spend much individual attention on each child.

Many things we do in our family would be rather difficult to carry out in a home where children are older, but certainly the feeling of love and unity can be cultivated in any home. We find it better to welcome our children's friends here and provide space and equipment for them, than to worry about where each one is playing away from home.

A good friend once said, "Be grateful and enjoy your children while they are young. You can tuck them all in at night and know they are safe. In a few years, other worries will start. Each child will go her own way and then you will have worries." While this is undoubtedly true, we hope to build a foundation of trust and love for each other that will carry us through the future. Only time itself will tell us if we have succeeded. Certainly, we have problems that must be faced and many that have not been solved. There is one source that is a constant guide to us — the gospel of Jesus Christ. The messages of our prophets today that we all hear each Sunday as we attend Sunday School and sacrament meeting together are a constant inspiration and source of ideas. The Auxiliaries help us; our faith helps us; and our prayers help us. We constantly hope that our home will be a home of love, unity, and dedication to the teachings of our Savior.

Winter Etching

Grace Ingles Frost

Like folds of white chiffon, a morning mist
Wraps itself about the mountain heights,
As if to hide from view their nudity,
Then billows out across an inland sea,
To mingle with the spindrift and the gulls
That cry their disapproval raucously,
Till shot by shafts of sun it disappears
In beauty to remember through the years.

Loneliness

Linda Crane

Alone, and in the loneliness I see
The loneliness of others. It may be
They're sensing, too, within each silent heart
The walls eternal, locking us apart.

Their eyes, alleged windows to the soul,
Remain opaque — conceal their truest goal.
We share our tears, our happiness, our fears,
And yet remain alone through endless years.

Each treads a private world, sails his own sea.
On courses separate, lone, eternally.
But when I call to him from humble knee
My loneliness is gone, he walks with me.

Second Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

Fifty Singing Aprils

Mabel Law Atkinson

MABEL LAW ATKINSON

A FLASH of cerulean blue wings through the lacy, greening limbs of the old black willow and a lark-flute calling from the fence post announced to Susan Barclay that spring had come. "Another singing April!" she said softly to no one in particular. "Another singing April, and I have a letter to write this morning!"

Her step was buoyant as she walked the winding path of stepping stones from her back garden to her kitchen door, noticing the bordering tulips still in their green nightcaps, and the snow-on-the-mountain just beginning to send out its green tendrils.

A half hour later, she was sitting at her desk when the doorbell rang. She looked up to greet four smiling little boys.

"Happy anniversary, Grandma!" they called in unison. Then Rodney, the oldest of the four, continued, "We brought our gift early so you can enjoy it all day, you and Grandpa."

"Daffodils!" exclaimed Susan. "My favorite April flowers! A splash of sunshine, I call them. And so many!"

"There are two dozen, Grandma, for I counted them." Eight-year-old Robert's face was as radiant as the yellow blooms.

"Two dozen! And so beautiful! Let's put them in this large blue swan, with its frog, so each flower will get its proper share of attention. There now, spring is in my room." Susan gave each a kiss and felt little arms about her. Even thirteen-year-old Rodney was not too big to receive and give affection.

"Why, Grandma, you were writing a letter to Grandpa, and he isn't away from home. I saw him in the yard when we came." It was ten-year-old Richard who spoke.

"Yes, my dear, I always write a letter to your grandpa on our anniversary."

"Do you mean you've written Grandpa forty-nine letters before this one? This is your Golden Wedding, you know." Incredulity was in Rodney's voice. "And he has been right at home with you every time?"

"He has been away a few times."

"But why do you do it, Grandma?" asked Richard.

"Because he wanted me to." Susan's eyes were twinkling reminiscently as she explained, "We had been married but one week when your grandpa said, 'Susan, only one regret I have, and that is that I shall not be getting letters from you now. Yours were wonderful letters, darling. I can't give them up entirely.' Before he could finish I said laughingly, 'All right, I'll write you sometime, say on our first anniversary.' "

"And it ended up by your writing a letter each anniversary." Rodney's quick mind anticipated what she was going to say.

"Yes, Rodney, it turned out that way."

Later, after the boys had gone, their hands filled with cookies, and wee Johnny's pockets bulging, too, Susan Barclay sat down to finish her letter. She was thinking how blessed she was to have Aileen and her family living in the same town. The four little Randals, as she called them lovingly, were like the sunshine of spring no matter what the weather. She picked up her pen, but sat idly musing, "Fifty joyous years together! I wonder what John will give me today. Something special, I am sure. And to think that tonight our five children will be here, and our grandchildren, too!"

"Fifty years together!" she wrote. "Can it be possible! Fifty good, strong, and beautiful years, each with a harvest of its own, yet each a part of one great harvest!" She lifted her pen, looked far away for a moment, then continued writing, "Remember, John, how those teachers at college urged me not to marry?" Again she heard the voice of Miss Janfrey, her creative writing teacher, "Marriage is not for you, Miss Lee. Any woman can marry and raise a family. You must go on unhampered with your career. The world has a right to demand this of you. With your talents, you must *influence the race* not just a child or two of your own."

Her pen was moving again, "Remember how you laughed, John, when I told you that I had said to her, that my highest ambition was to get married and have a family?"

"AND get married we did, and we have our family. Tell me, Susan, have you one little regret or feeling of frustration?" It was John who spoke. He had come in quietly and had been reading over her shoulder. "I did not really intend to snoop, you know, not really," he explained.

Seeing his slight flush of chagrin, Susan consoled him with, "I forgive you, John. and let your mind be at ease, for I haven't any regrets or frustrations. What if I haven't written books, painted pictures, or become a great vocalist? I have created beauty by giving smiles to my children's faces; making little pinafores and shirts; and never once have I taken the brown loaves from the oven without experiencing the thrill and beauty of creation."

"And you have sung lullabies, and solos in church." John continued her line of thought. "You know, my dear, you were the most beautiful of all to me singing a lullaby to a new, little pink-faced guest from heaven, with other little ones about you, wonder in their eyes."

"And always you completed the picture. Don't you see, a living work of art? But now, out with you, John, or I shall never get your letter finished."

Still he lingered and said reminiscently, "It seems but yesterday that you wrote me my first anniversary letter, and it was such a masterpiece, giving the beauty and strength I needed, that I asked you to write me each year as your gift to me. I have all your letters, Susan, every one. They build my morale even now, for in them you seem to forget my failures. Always you have been my inspiration."

Susan interrupted him, "And you have been my strength. There have been no failures, John, no real failures. Time is proving that more and more."

"Thank you, my dear." And with a light kiss on her forehead he was gone.

Susan sat motionless for a while, a half-smile playing upon her features. Then her pen broke the silence with its rhythmic strokes, "Did you know you are a handsome man, John, that age is becoming to you? And you have been handsome all through the years, not with the flawless perfection of features, but with a certain rugged and honest beauty reflecting the sincerity of your soul. Now, in recalling the past years, never have you been more handsome, your countenance lit by a light from within, than you were that afternoon when I returned from seeing Dr. Eliason and he had assured me that another baby was coming, our third. Do you remember, John?

"I shall never forget. That had been our poverty year, but clouds were lifting, and our budget showed we could afford you a new overcoat. Remember how I had mended the old one, the one you had before we were married? As I told my news, I watched your face closely to see if the slightest shadow would cross it to dim the exultance I felt. Not a flicker of a shadow, John! But the sun in full glory! You said, 'Mend my old overcoat once more, Mother. I'll wear it another year, and wear it proudly.' "

Susan finished her letter and gave it to John at lunch time. His tender smile and his kiss after reading it told her his heart was satisfied.

As the hours sped happily, Susan's heart never once stopped singing, but she wondered what John was up to in delaying giving her his gift. She knew he had not forgotten, but had purposely timed its giving. So, although her anticipation increased, she felt no anxiety whatever. She could wait, for she knew her John.

* * * * *

"I GUESS it's a good thing you didn't have any more children, Grandma Susan, you and Grandpa, or where would you have put us all?" It was seventeen-year-old Patty who asked the question, her eyes surveying the one long table and the two small ones with the family seated around them.

"Why, that's easy to answer. Grandma would set a table in the kitchen, too, if there were more of us," volunteered twelve-year-old Janet.

"And in the bedroom, too, if she needed!" said four-year-old Jamie. "Wouldn't you, Grandma?"

"At any rate she would never leave any of us out." Rodney spoke with conviction.

"Now it's time for the candle-lighting ceremony! Boy, oh, boy!" cried Robert a half hour later while Susan's daughters removed the dinner plates.

"Then come the ice cream and the cake!" cried Richard. "The best of all!"

Father and Mother Barclay lighted the fifty candles, all of them, and John, Jr. turned out the lights in the room. As the candles burned, each one in turn, even two-year-old little Susie spoke a wish for the honored pair.

"Now to see if your wishes will come true!" cried several grandchildren in chorus.

John and Susan stood up, leaned over the cake and, with one united blow, extinguished every candle.

"That is teamwork for you, the result of pulling together for fifty years." Grandpa's voice held overtones of love, and he placed his arm about his wife as he spoke.

"Grandma Susan, what did Grandpa give you?" asked Patty innocently. "I haven't heard you say, and none of the gifts on your chest bear his name. You didn't forget her, did you Grandpa John?"

Grandpa smiled tantalizingly as he answered, "I don't have to give her a gift this year, do I? Surely when I've given her forty-nine of them I should be exempt this time. Don't you think so, Susan?"

Without hesitation his wife answered, "You have done very well, I am sure." But the twinkle in her eyes spoke her faith that a fiftieth gift was forthcoming.

JOHN, Jr. was master of ceremonies for the program which followed in which everyone participated.

"Bless their talented hearts," said Mother Barclay as their grandchildren sang a melody of loved childhood songs.

The in-laws brought laughter with their rollicking song, "When Grandpa Courted Grandma," the words having been written by Francine and the music by Gordon.

Father Barclay cleared his throat a time or two, and Mother wiped her eyes while John, Jr. gave the "Life History of John and Susan Barclay," concluding with, "So Father worked joyously and unceasingly to feed and clothe and educate us, and Mother gave up her career of being a writer, musician, and artist to create boys and girls and men and women."

Father blew his nose then, and the tears ran gently down Mother's cheeks.

After Francine had given the story she, herself, had written for the occasion, Gordon played old loved melodies on the organ around which they had sung in childhood. Then Aileen and Janice sang "I Love You Truly," followed by "This Day Is the Beginning Not the Ending," another creation by Francine and Gordon.

When Mother Barclay arose to

speak, Patty, with shining eyes, exclaimed in an audible whisper, "Isn't Grandma Susan beautiful! Why, she looks young as a girl!"

"Thank you, Patty dear," was Susan Barclay's introduction, "I think I feel as young in spirit as you tonight." Then, facing them all, she continued, "I am a proud and blessed mother and grandmother. Proud of each one of you. John, Jr. has told you of my girlhood dreams. I have found fulfillment of them all in you children; I am writing my poems and stories through you, Francine, and you, John; singing through you, Janice and Aileen; and playing my music through your fingers, Gordon." Her eyes took on a faraway look of tenderness, and she continued, "And I think I am painting my pictures through the artist hands of my own son in heaven. And I shall continue these activities through you, my grandchildren."

"MOTHER doesn't need to be known through the work of you children. She is already an author of merit in her own right," John announced.

Susan looked quickly and inquiringly at John as he continued, "In proof of this, I now present my gift to you, Mother." He handed his wife a small, neatly wrapped parcel. "Here, Susan, I hope you like it."

Susan's fingers were trembling with eagerness and excitement as she removed the ribbon and tissue to reveal a book, beautiful with its restful blue jacket with the words, *Fifty Singing Aprils*, by Susan Barclay staring out at her.

She could not speak, but when she removed the jacket and saw the subdued gray-blue cover, with its silver writing, she gasped, "The very colors I would have chosen!"

"Tell the children about it, Susan," her husband prompted tenderly.

"You do it, John, please." Mother Barclay's joy welled from her brimming heart to her eyes and ran in slow tears down her cheeks.

"This book is entitled *Fifty Singing Aprils*, and was written by your mother, Susan Barclay, as it says here." He held up the book for them to see.

"Most of you know that Mother has written me an anniversary letter each year. Nearly a year ago when I was rereading them, their literary merit struck me forcibly. Your mother, in a style that to me seemed perfect, had really written the history of our years of joyous struggle together. It came to me she had given a pattern for successful married life which could profitably be read by young and old.

"You remember, Susan, when I was gone those three days those months ago? That was when I took your letters to find out what value *those who knew* would place on them. I went first to a highly recommended family counselor. He glanced through them and was all interest as he requested, 'Leave these with me till tomorrow, will you? I want to read every word. Come back in the morning and I will give you my opinion of their value.' "

"Oh, John, did he really?" interrupted his wife.

"He did, my dear, for when I returned he said, 'These should be published in book form and made

available to the public. Such a book is one of the most needed additions to the literature on family living, for herein is the story of a sound, normal, happy, and lasting marriage. Such detailed pictures of wholesome family life with its joys and occasional sorrows are almost nonexistent. These letters give the story of a family whose budget was never large, yet who enjoyed *celebrations* which sometimes consisted of a simple picnic lunch eaten in a canyon or even their own back yard, with perhaps a book of poetry or a story to read, or games with the children—a way in which we all should emphasize our happiness more frequently by looking for the simple realities that can make life more worthwhile, then sharing them. The parents in this family have the values of life straight, and hold that the greatest of all vocations is parenthood.' You see I've been reading this from the flap of the jacket.

"Buoyed up with this encouragement, I went to the publishing house."

"And what did they think, John?"

"MY dear, this book is evidence of what they thought. And listen, Mother, they published your book on the royalty basis. They have that much faith in it. All I had to put out was the cash to pay for the books I ordered for myself. And what is more, Mother, you will receive thirty per cent royalty on all sales, and it may be a best seller."

"Surely not, John!"

"The publishers think so, Susan. And I must tell you they did not change one word of your letters. Here, I'll read part of their comment—on the other flap—'Here we have the work of an artist with words which at times flow with the lyric imagery of poetry, and always with beauty.'

"So, little Mother, you are a writer and may yet be famous. And, who knows, you may achieve in music and painting, too. You have time for study now and to do the things you love. We have good years ahead of us, Susan."

John Barclay spoke directly to his posterity then, "I have your mother's book for each of you. Come, Patty, Janet, and Rodney, you may help me pass them out."

He took them into his room. In a few moments they returned with the precious books.

Janet was giggling as she said, "Bet you wish you knew where these books were hidden, Grandma!" But her remark went unchallenged in the excitement of turning pages.

"But how could Grandma Susan write her fiftieth anniversary letter before the anniversary was here?" Wonder was in Patty's voice. With young-girl eagerness, she had opened her book at the back to get the ending.

John Barclay smiled, sent the silent message to Susan that he knew she would understand, and said, "You see I could not be left entirely out of the book—as a writer I mean—so I wrote the last letter for her."

Instantly all turned to the last letter, Susan first of all. This is what she read: "Our Fiftieth Singing April! The best and most rewarding of them all: the anniversary with its shining halo of dreams ful-

filled, and its prophecy of new dreams yet to be spun.

"Fifty joyous years, fifty Singing Aprils, have proved the truth of my philosophy that life is beautiful and earth can be heaven."

"Father, you are a writer, too." It was John, Jr. who spoke, his voice husky with emotion.

Later, John and Susan stood by their front gate in the moonlight till their dear ones could no longer be seen or heard. As they walked arm in arm to the house, the air fragrant with hyacinths in their garden, John asked, "Satisfied, Susan?" After fifty years his voice still fell like music on her ears.

"Yes, dear, more than satisfied. To think that by giving up one career for a greater one, I have achieved both. And always there will be another Singing April, for eternity is forever."

Mabel Law Atkinson, Dayton, Idaho, began writing poetry in childhood, and some of these poems were published. However, it was not until 1950 that she again began to publish her work. She has received many awards for her poems, stories, and radio scripts, some of these awards being in national contests. A graduate of two poetry classes (after she was fifty) by correspondence, she is a member of the American Poetry League, Avalon, Idaho Writers League, Midwest Chaparral Poets, Word Weavers, and *Ars Poetica*. She is the author of a brochure and two books of poetry: *Portrait of Mother*, *Inviolate Eden*, and *Touch of Wings*. The wife of Earl J. Atkinson, she is the mother of three daughters and two sons, the eldest of whom died in 1942. She has served the Church in many capacities in the Auxiliary organizations.

Refuge

Hazel Loomis

Where mallards soar and feast in marshes,
Where muskrats swim and beavers make their home,
The noble moose in rapt reflection pauses
To stand as silent as a stone.
Where bear will come to feast on berries
And cubs will wrestle playfully;
The gaunt coyote starved on the prairies
Grows sleek and beautiful to see.
Where come the geese so wildly honking,
Without fear of man or gun,
Their body boats, pink feet paddling,
Scarce a ripple they move on.
Where comes the stag, great antlers lifting,
Moving proudly as a king,
Throws back his head, his bugle sounding—
Shrill echoes from the forest ring.
On polished hooves, the spotted fawn
Has come, and sure as sun, the timid doe!
Would all the world might come
And water at the Bow.

Don Knight

CALLA LILIES

Assignment for Tomorrow

Mabel Jones Gabbott

Listen for the sounds of peace;
But listen closely, lest they cease
To be familiar, be a part
Of this world's overburdened heart.
Tune your hearing once again
To autumn rustling in a glen,
To soft waves lapping on a shore,
To rain on rooftops and the roar
Of thunder falling down the sky,
A child's quick laugh, a lover's sigh,
A mother's small caressing song;
Oh, listen closely, listen long
For gentleness and patient tone,
Or carefree noise from lads half-grown. . . .
Tomorrow, morrow, never cease
To listen for the sounds of peace.

The Swiss-Austrian Mission

Preston R. Nibley

Assistant Church Historian

AT a meeting held in Frankfurt, Germany, on October 6, 1937, attended by Elders Thomas E. McKay, Alfred C. Rees, and Philemon C. Kelly, the Swiss-German Mission was divided into three missions, the East German, the West German, and the Swiss-Austrian. Thomas E. McKay became the president of the Swiss-Austrian Mission, with headquarters in Basel, Switzerland.

At the time of its organization, the Swiss-Austrian Mission comprised the German-speaking part of Switzerland, the province of Alsace Lorraine, and the country of Austria. The membership of the Church in the mission numbered 1881.

World War II broke out in September 1939 and was soon raging in great fury. Missionary work was completely disrupted in Austria and Alsace Lorraine. Fortunately, the little country of Switzerland remained neutral and missionary work was continued, though very much curtailed.

President Thomas E. McKay of the Swiss-Austrian Mission was released to return home in February 1940, and Elder Max Zimmer of Basel was appointed acting mission president; Elder Zimmer served until May 1946, when he was succeed-

Verlag Beringer & Pampaluchi
Photograph submitted by LaVelle D. Curtis

BERN AND THE ALPS, SWITZERLAND

Photograph by George Thomas Elliott
Submitted by LaVelle D. Curtis

BRIDGE ACROSS THE VIERWALDSTADTER, LUCERN, SWITZERLAND

Beneath the gables of this famous bridge are many paintings depicting the history and legends of the surrounding country.

ed by Elder Scott Taggart of Salt Lake City; President Taggart served until January 1949, when he was succeeded by Elder Samuel Bringhurst; President Bringhurst presided until December 1952, when he was succeeded by William F. Perschon; President Perschon presided until July 1956, when he was succeeded by Jesse R. Curtis, who presides at the present time.

On August 5, 1953, President David O. McKay dedicated, at Bern, Switzerland, the site for the first temple to be built by the Church in Europe. Construction work went forward rapidly, and on September 11, 1955, in the presence of a large number of Latter-day Saints and amidst the most solemn ceremonies, the temple was dedicated by President McKay.

At the end of October 1957, there were 3,078 members of the Church in the Swiss-Austrian Mission, located in twenty-nine branches. Thirty-three Relief Society organizations, with 528 members were reported in December 1956. LaVelle D. Curtis presides over the Swiss-Austrian Mission Relief Society.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine*, The Matterhorn in the Swiss Alps. Photograph by Josef Muench, is typical of the mountain grandeur of Switzerland and Austria. See also "Recipes From the Swiss-German Mission," by LaVelle D. Curtis on page 101.

Never Wish for the Moon

Dorothy S. Romney

LORNA carefully tucked her drowsy baby into his crib and tiptoed out of the nursery. Sleeping in his high chair took the edge off his drowsiness, and he sometimes wakened and missed his nap completely. This, she thought grimly, was not the morning for a missed nap.

Fortunately, she had caught him just as he was beginning to nod, and he had slept through the transfer. She took an unhappy look at the mess in the living room. No one but another mother of two small boys would believe she had cleaned it thoroughly yesterday.

Lorna made a mental schedule of all she had to do before Bill brought his out-of-town clients home for dinner at six-thirty—a horrible hour for guests! "Living room and dinette, forty-five minutes: pies—one hour; feed young Bill—half an hour; type Bill's brief—one hour; Primary—two hours, including prayer meeting, and traveling time. Cut flowers, clean the bathroom, make beds, hang out wash, press a dress, set the table." And then she remembered!

She hadn't as yet prepared her activity for her class today. She'd intended to cut the sticks from the poplar trees in her backyard yesterday, but it had rained—sticks for the windmills she had promised the children would be today's activity.

Even a mathematician like Lorna could realize, almost immediately, that there weren't enough hours in any one day to do all of it. "Something's got to go," she told herself, "and there's only one thing that can—Primary."

It would be embarrassing, when she had expressed her opinion so often of teachers who called at the last minute with excuses. "But what else *can* I do?" she asked herself. Bill's career was important. As a struggling young lawyer, he needed all the help she could give him, both in typing his briefs, and entertaining his customers.

As she walked to her typewriter she glanced through the window, and saw Hilda, the Brooks' maid, sweeping their front sidewalk.

Now if I were the wife of a successful doctor, and lucky enough to have a maid, I could spend all afternoon reading, and greet my guests fresh as a daisy, she thought, somewhat bitterly. Maybe I could get Nell Brooks to teach my Primary class.

BUT of course she couldn't—that had been tried before—and Nell always had a lame excuse why she couldn't serve on different committees. Lorna felt a little ashamed of herself for these thoughts. After all, Nell had been kind enough to take Ricky to the park this morning, to keep him out from under Lorna's feet. And she was a lovely person—a little hard to get acquainted with, but very pleasant.

The Brooks had recently moved from Lorna's home town, and although she hadn't known Nell or any of her family there, she felt she had some home folks near.

She thoughtfully inserted paper in her typewriter. The machine buzzed on in the silence of the almost deserted neighborhood, and she was halfway through the "whereases" and the "party-of-the-first-parts," when the commotion began.

She heard a car stop in front of the house. She looked out. Nell and her two boys and Ricky got out. Ricky was wailing loudly. Lorna left her typewriter and rushed out.

"Don't be alarmed," Nell said, "it's nothing serious. I took them through the zoo, and a tiger growled and frightened Ricky. He ran, stumbled, and hurt his knee. He wanted you."

"Oh, is that all?" Lorna asked, relieved. She bent down and Ricky hugged her tight, his hands grimy. "The tigers won't hurt you, darling, they're safely locked in cages." The knee was scarcely scratched.

"Come on," Nell said, extending her hand to the now smiling Ricky, "we'll have lunch at my house."

When he hesitated, she offered, "Pink lemonade." She knew he could never resist pink lemonade.

"Oh, thank you," Lorna said gratefully. "The baby just went to sleep, and I've Bill's brief to type. . . ."

"It's nothing," Nell cut in, looking slightly embarrassed at Lorna's gratitude. "Besides, think of the peace and quiet I'll have while my two wild Indians are at Primary with you. Trading them for an hour with your adorable Bill is the best exchange ever."

Lorna didn't have the courage to tell Nell just then that she was considering calling Sister Lambert and begging off Primary today. She was glad when Nell and the boys disappeared through the opening in the hedge.

She frowned as she walked back into the disorderly living room. She could see through the dinette to the kitchen, where the breakfast dishes were stacked and awaiting their turn. The hands of the clock pointed to ten.

LORNA sat down again, and typed so fast her fingers almost tripped over each other. About one o'clock Bill popped in to pick up his papers. He took a dismayed look at the living room.

"I'll get at it as soon as the baby wakes up and I dare use the vacuum," she assured him. "But six-thirty is so early. Couldn't you stall them until seven? Take a tour of the city, or something."

"I'll try," he promised. His only comment on the papers she had typed so carefully and painstakingly was to look at the backs of the sheets and say, "Good girl! You got the carbons in right side to this time!"

She still hadn't called Sister Lambert. She promised herself she'd do it the minute she finished the breakfast dishes and washed the best china which hadn't been used for so long it was dusty. She almost dropped one of the plates—$2.75 each and out of stock now—a wedding present—when the phone rang.

It was Sister Lambert.

"Could you possibly take Sister Martin's class in with yours today?" she asked. "Her mother has taken ill."

When Lorna didn't reply immediately, she urged. "There are only four of them, you know."

"Yes, I know," Lorna answered. They were the Rainbows, the class next to Lorna's in age, and fitted in with her own class best, but four more, and today of all days!

She knew the disappointment of the children when their teacher didn't report. Her mind was in a turmoil.

"I'll take them," she finally said.

She just couldn't voice her excuse — especially now when Sister Martin wouldn't be there. She should have known all along that her training and ideals wouldn't let her bow out for so trivial a matter as a dinner.

"And, Lorna," Sister Lambert added, "would you mind picking up the Martin girls? My car is full to capacity."

"I'll remember them." It would mean leaving fifteen minutes earlier than usual.

Baby Bill started crying lustily. "Not already," Lorna moaned, but there he was wide awake and demanding attention.

She gathered him up in her arms, held him tight, grateful for moments like this, when she could make her children feel more secure in this rapidly moving world.

HER tasks loomed ahead of her, mountainous and insurmountable. Her thoughts went to Nell again, and her carefree mode of living. Why — she led almost a little girl's existence, no responsibilities or tasks. She was a charming person, but after all, what else did she have to do except be charming? Lorna wondered then if Nell had the deep satisfaction from life that she herself had.

Just then Ricky banged the back door.

"Hi, darling," Lorna greeted him. "Home already?"

"Uhhuh," he agreed, and Lorna thought she detected a storm brewing.

"You didn't quarrel with Jeffry or Ned?" Lorna asked.

"Naw, there wasn't anything to do over there," he answered.

"Want to help mother?" she asked.

"What with?" Ricky had his father's measure of caution.

"Cutting windmills for Primary." She hoped it sounded exciting to him.

"Okay."

She got some paper. She'd draw the patterns. For a five-year-old, Ricky was very expert at manipulating scissors if he had lines to follow.

She could see through the kitchen window that Nell was reading a magazine in her hammock, a daily practice while her boys napped.

"How can she content herself with being such a drone?" Lorna asked herself for the hundredth time. Going out to dinner several times a month with the doctor and the boys seemed to be her only recreation or change.

Lorna caught herself up angrily. Was she criticizing Nell? Or was she envious of her carefree existence? Whichever it was, it would never do.

"My hand's getting tired," Ricky complained.

"All right, we'll go out and cut the sticks," Lorna answered.

"May I carry the knife?" he asked.

"You may, but don't open it."

Bill was released from his high

chair. He followed along, his footsteps uncertain.

Nell looked up from her magazine and waved.

By the time the sticks were cut, Ricky had lost interest and disappeared through the hedge, and Lorna could see him talking to Nell, who, it seemed, had finished her reading and was simply sitting. What a pity to waste so much precious time, Lorna thought.

Once back in the house, she put Bill in his play pen. She counted the paper windmills Ricky had cut. There were fourteen. She hastily cut eight more.

NOW to the housecleaning! Two hours later she sat down to recapitulate. Roast almost cooked in the electric roaster (she'd add potatoes and turn it on low again before she went to Primary). There'd be the table to set. Iced tomato juice would be served in the living room. While this was being consumed Lorna could put the hot foods in serving dishes.

She called Ricky, and by three-thirty they were ready to go to Primary. Nellie's boys knocked on the kitchen door. Behind them stood a smiling Hilda. "Mrs. Brooks is resting. I'm to keep the baby until she wakes up." She must have noticed Lorna's look of concern, for she added, "Don't worry, Mrs. Lindee, I've had lots of experience with babies."

"I'm sure you have," Lorna assured her, yet that let-down feeling persisted. "Resting from what?" she asked herself. She shooed her little flock out to the garage, and carefully backed her car out, headed it in the direction of the Martin home.

Her class listened attentively while she gave the lesson, with the exception of one or two children. Then, she asked Gregory Hall to give the closing prayer, and was astonished all over again at the sureness of these five-year-olds. But that was part of the strength of the Church, she told herself, building character from babyhood.

Time for the day's activity! Twenty-two eager beavers, Lorna thought as she directed them. Their enthusiasm was boundless.

Sister Lambert stopped Lorna on the way out. "We need new teachers. Do you have any names to submit to the bishopric?"

Nell, Lorna thought. Nell should surely be glad to fill in some of her empty hours teaching a class.

"Yes," Lorna answered, "my neighbor, Nell Brooks."

Sister Lambert seemed surprised. "I don't know, Lorna, she's turned down requests to work on dinner or luncheon committees, without any explanation—I don't know."

"She isn't at all busy," Lorna explained. "I'll feel her out on the subject," she volunteered.

"Well, all right," Sister Lambert assented, doubtfully.

Lorna delivered the Martin girls, drove home and into her own garage. Nell had young Bill in tow, and seemed to be enjoying his company immensely. She thoroughly loved children, all children, Lorna felt sure. It wouldn't take much courage to ask her to be a Primary teacher. She wasn't as unapproachable as people thought.

Nell came through the hedge,

relinquished Bill, and took her two in charge.

"Nell," Lorna began, "the Primary needs teachers. Would you. . . .?"

"I'm sorry — I couldn't possibly." Nell avoided looking at Lorna. "The doctor is taking us out to dinner. I'll have to rush. Thanks for taking the boys." She was gone!

LORNA could have wept then and there. She had been wrong about Nell, after all. She was completely remote and untouchable, doing only the things she wanted to do — shirking, yes, shirking her duties.

Lorna felt awfully tired.

She hurried into the house and checked her roaster. Something had gone wrong — the meat wasn't more than half cooked, and only an hour until her guests would arrive.

She lighted her gas oven, frantically grabbed a long fork, and lifted the roast to transfer it to another roaster. It plopped back into the grease and splattered her dress.

"Steady, girl," she told herself, as she reached for the big apron that hung on a hook beside the refrigerator. "You won't make it this way."

Bill had started to cry. "See if you can quiet your brother," she told Ricky. He tried, but the baby's screams only grew more piercing. Lorna looked at him. He looked feverish. She felt his face, Oh, dear, she thought, I forgot it was his turn to cut another tooth. She hoped that was all it was.

She gave him a cracker to chew on, and he quieted down. She'd take his temperature as soon as she had a few minutes free. Ricky was being an angel. "Thank goodness for that," she breathed.

At six o'clock she took time to undress Bill. His temperature was one degree above normal. She could see the red spot on his gum where the new tooth was trying to break through. She rubbed it with her finger, and the baby seemed soothed. He wouldn't take the liver and vegetables she tried to feed him. Perhaps a bottle and to bed. The Larsens would have to view her cherub while he slept, she was afraid.

Lorna put Bill to bed and came back into the kitchen. Her angel child was at the sink on a chair, contentedly pouring the can of peas she'd opened for dinner down the disposal.

She heard the front door open and voices in the entrance hall. Bill came into the kitchen. "Take your apron off and come in and meet the Larsens."

Lorna took off the apron and met the Larsens. It was only when she got back to the kitchen that she remembered the grease spots on her dress. She took an apron out of the kitchen drawer, a company apron, with frills. There'd be no time to change or cover up the redness of her face with fresh makeup.

From that time on she was in a daze, doing the things she knew she had to do, answering questions, joining in the conversation, supplying Ricky's wants. She could feel a band tightening around her forehead and wondered if she was going to have one of those frustrating headaches. She hoped the roast was done sufficiently. It seemed a little rare.

THE dinner was half over before Lorna began to feel less tense.

"I understand you have some old neighbors of ours living in town now," Mr. Larsen was saying.

"Yes," Mrs. Larsen said, "we did so want to see them, had time permitted."

"Dr. and Mrs. Brooks," Mr. Larsen put in. "Maybe you know them."

"Our next-door neighbors," Bill said.

"Oh, really? Then you know what a lovely person Nell Brooks is," Mrs. Larsen said, turning to Lorna. "Tell me, has her health improved? She was so active in Church and civic affairs before she took sick, and I understood it would be some time before she completely recovered."

Nell Brooks ill! The whole house seemed to clatter down about Lorna's ears. Why, she couldn't possibly be—she was so cheerful and uncomplaining.

Lorna's eyes met Bill's.

"Is something wrong?" Mrs. Larsen asked.

"Wrong?" Lorna wanted to shout it. She felt her cheeks burning. "We didn't know Nell was in poor health," she admitted. "She has never said anything. . . ."

"No, she wouldn't," Mrs. Larsen agreed, thoughtfully. "Probably doesn't want anyone making a fuss over her or feeling sorry. Nell is that kind of person. Perhaps I shouldn't have said anything. . . ." She looked stricken.

"It's all right," Bill assured her. "It will go no further, but I think Lorna should know."

Dear, wise Bill, Lorna thought. Of course I should know — should have known without being told that Nell wouldn't willingly be a drone. But I'll make it up to her for everything I've been thinking—somehow.

"Best dinner I've ever eaten," Mr. Larsen declared heartily, as they bade Lorna and Bill goodbye. "That pie was delicious."

"It was a lovely evening," Mrs. Larsen said. "How do you manage things so smoothly, all alone?"

"Oh, I just muddle along," Lorna laughed, "but, thank you. It was so nice to have you."

Goodbyes were said. Bill would drive them to the airport.

* * * * *

"THERE will be no dishwashing tonight," Lorna promised herself, as the door closed on Bill and the visitors. She turned the lamps low and let the moonlight flood the living room.

Soon Bill came in. "Hi," he said, and sat down at his desk. He always had work to finish up. His papers rustled in the stillness of the night. Lorna thought of her heavy work schedule for tomorrow.

"Never wish for the moon," she said softly.

"No, my girl, never," Bill agreed, "one of these days you may get it."

"True," Lorna answered, "and I'm afraid I wouldn't know what to do with it. In fact, I'm quite certain of it."

She couldn't wait for tomorrow to begin, with its tasks and the blessings they brought. She'd start the day by doing something especially nice for Nell. There were so many things she could do for Nell, by way of a silent apology for the thoughts she'd had. She started counting them over. It made quite a list.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, February 1, and February 15, 1898

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

GEORGE WASHINGTON MEMORIAL ENTERTAINMENT: The George Washington Memorial entertainment on Saturday evening, February 19, was a great success. The entertainment was given at Major and Mrs. Downey's residence, 808 East, First South. The house is admirably adapted for entertaining, spacious halls and rooms large and connected with folding doors. The decorations were simply superb and one could not help feeling the enthusiasm that comes from flags, stars and stripes, banners, and martial music. . . . Some of the ladies of the committee were in the costumes of 1776 — with powdered hair, feathers, high combs, and rare old laces. . . .

—News Note

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Arise — 'tis the day of our Washington's glory,
The garlands uplift for our liberties won;
Forever let Time tell the patriot's story
Whose sword swept for freedom the fields of the sun . . . .

—Selected

REPORT FROM LAIE, OAHU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS: I am pleased to say that the work is progressing nicely, and I think our association will compare favorably with others. We find among the Hawaiian sisters many faithful and energetic workers. They take great interest in learning of things pertaining to the gospel and I have known some of them to walk from three to eight miles to attend meeting. . . . At present there are twenty-eight branches, and as a rule meetings are held weekly. . . . Once in six weeks I send some of the leading sisters to the other islands to visit them in their conferences, and I hope that we missionary sisters may be able to visit all the branches on the islands in the near future.

—Alice R. Woolley

MOTTO: The more we live for self the less we shall find the value of existence; the more we live for others and out of self, the greater will be the joy and satisfaction of living.

—Selected

A POET'S EVENING: On the evening of Friday, January 21, a number of old-time friends of Sister Eliza R. Snow, the sublime and eminent leader among the women of Zion, kept her birthday anniversary at the home of the writer. There were about forty of the sisters present, among whom were the venerable women Zina D. H. Young, M. Isabella Horne and Bathsheba W. Smith and others not so far advanced in life. These three mothers in Israel were members of the first organization of the Relief Society in Nauvoo, and had always been closely associated with "Sister Eliza." . . . . Many of the ladies present read choice selections from her favorite poem of the esteemed and revered poetess. The memory of the beloved "elect lady" was fresh and tender in the minds of all present. Her writings, her teachings, her travels at home and abroad, her labors among the people and in the Temple were all remarked upon in the general conversation. . . .

—Emmeline B. Wells

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. TAI YOUNG LEE-CHYUNG is the first and at present the only woman lawyer in Korea. Along with two male Korean lawyers, she was recently a grantee in the Specialist Training Program sponsored by the United States Department of State. She attended lectures on American law at Southern Methodist University, in Dallas, Texas, and traveled throughout the country learning about our laws. Mrs. Lee-Chyung is especially interested in the legal status of women and children and in learning about our juvenile courts. She established and personally finances the Korean Legal Center for Women in Seoul, which is training other women lawyers.

DONNA HILL, literature leader in the Manhattan Ward Relief Society, New York City, has written and illustrated a picture book about Spain for children from ages three to eight. It is titled *Not One More Day* (Viking Press), and is listed by the *New York Times Book Review Section* (November 17, 1957) in "One Hundred Outstanding New Books for the Younger Reader." Donna Hill read her story and showed slides of her book at the "Explore the World in Books" festival held during Book Week at the World Affairs Center in New York City.

VESTA P. CRAWFORD, Associate Editor of *The Relief Society Magazine*, won *the Deseret News* Christmas Story Contest for 1957 with her entry "Aria in the Wilderness," and Mabel Jones Gabbott, a contributor to the *Magazine*, was awarded the poetry contest prize for her poem "The Three Witnesses."

MR. AND MRS. PETER PETERSON (Celestia M. Terry), ninety-seven and ninety-six years old, a Latter-day Saint couple from Fairview, Utah, celebrated their seventy-ninth wedding anniversary December 11, 1957. They are believed to be the longest-married couple in the United States. They have forty-eight grandchildren, 149 great-grandchildren, and thirty-two great-great-grandchildren. Three of their children have celebrated their golden weddings.

ANNABEL DOUGLAS McARTHUR and MERLE SINCLAIR have written a dramatic story of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. This gives all sorts of interesting information about the men who signed the Declaration, which all of us ought to know, but most of us do not. *They Signed for Us* has a good ready reference (New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Inc. 1957).

EDITORIAL

VOL. 45 FEBRUARY 1958 NO. 2

"Be My Valentine"

"BE Mine," "My Heart Beats for You," "Ever Thine." These expressions, whether written on a small candy heart or elaborately inscribed on a valentine which was delivered from the red and white ruffled post office box in the schoolroom, still have the power, years later, to evoke that happy, singing feeling which swept over the youthful recipient of loving messages.

As one passes through life's experiences, however, youthful assurance, in turn, is slowly replaced by youth's uncertainties, adult reasoning, mature reflection, and elderly realities, and the custom of exchanging visual or verbal symbols of love and affection is often discarded.

As this Valentine Day approaches, it might be well to recapture that childish delight and bring its joys to others. Although physical appearances change, hearts may ever remain young and eager.

One of the most effective ways to relieve care, discouragement, and sorrow, is an expression of solicitude and friendly affection for others—the giving of service. Probably there are on every block of homes, persons who need to be given a valentine. It may be a visit to express the spirit of friendliness and concern for another's daily welfare. It may be tending the children of a burdened mother — to allow her time to go out of the home or even to seclude herself in her bedroom for rest. Who does not recall the blessed feeling of being able to go to bed when ill or tired, knowing that mother would take care of everything, of wrapping oneself in a cocoon of oblivion, half-hearing the dear, familiar sounds of household tasks accomplished without any effort by oneself?

Bestowing this feeling of release, for just a short period, revives the spirits of the overburdened and is a welcome valentine.

Another valentine to be treasured is the giving or lending of a book—not necessarily one of instruction, but one to be enjoyed—for relaxation. One woman always leaves "a valentine" in the form of a book where she has been a house guest. Her visit is recalled whenever the book is seen or remembered. A "valentine" party will bring old or new friends together. During one's school days, how often two chums went to lunch together and then to a movie. That custom could persist as a valentine to a cherished friend.

Every person needs to know that he is "special" to one or many other persons. On this Valentine Day it would be heartwarming to give "valentines" to the lonely, those far from their own loved ones or from their own native lands, to a young mother who feels in need of encouragement and praise, to a newcomer in the ward.

The true spirit of Valentine's Day is one of warmth and loving kindness which may leave behind a tangible expression, be it ever so small, so that the rememberance of the occasion will linger on.

This valentine spirit of solicitude and affirmation should not be confined to February the Fourteenth, but should be lavishly given throughout the year, so that "I Love You Truly" and "Be My Valentine" will be constantly echoing and re-echoing in hearts made warm and joyful.

—M. C. S.

Birthday Congratulations to Amy Brown Lyman

Former General President of Relief Society

February 7, 1958

IT is with appreciation and much affection that we extend birthday congratulations to Amy Brown Lyman, former general president of Relief Society. She is cherished in the stakes and missions of the Church as one who has given her strength and her time to the building of the world-wide sisterhood. Her many years of service and leadership have been devoted to giving inspiration and direction to the many phases of Relief Society work. Sister Lyman has ever emphasized the effectiveness of service in the lives of women, and the blessed continuity of Relief Society as an organization designed to direct the energies of women into channels of personal development and charity and helpfulness to those in need. We would say of Sister Lyman, she is among us as "one that serveth."

Relief Society women throughout the Church extend congratulations and best wishes to Sister Lyman, and we wish her much happiness for her birthday.

This One Day

Constance Timberlake

Let us arise to greet the Sabbath day
With grateful hearts. This one day of the week
Is ours to have, to worship, and to pray;
Remembering Christ, as we his presence seek.
What love! He had to suffer and to die!
The highest price was paid for you and me
That we might live, our bodies not to lie
Forever dead, but raised eternally.

As we this day the sacred emblems take,
With meekness thus renew again our vows
To strive to live, and day by day to make
Our light to shine; no clouds darken our brows;
Until the dawn of perfect joy and peace,
To do his will our labors shall not cease.

A Relief Society Tribute

Maurine R. Goold

THE Relief Society organization was given as a sacred gift to the daughters of God. The women who are called to preside over this wonderful organization are elect ladies. They have been chosen for this work because they are honorable in purpose, honest and humble of heart, because they are obedient to God's command, because they are blessed with the spirit of charity and love, wisdom and faith. Through their ability as leaders they can inspire those working under their direction to walk in righteousness before the Lord.

The Lord has appointed them as bearers of peace:
Where there was strife and hatred, they have sown seeds of love.
Where there was sorrow and despair, they have brought hope.
Where there was darkness, they have spread the light of the gospel.
Where there was sadness and suffering, they have brought joy and comfort.
Where there was weakness, they have brought courage and strength.

Blessed are these beloved ladies for their devoted and cheerful service to the Relief Society, for their work has been a labor of love. Blessed are they who remain faithful to their task, for they shall know the beauty of God's eternal love.

Joy in Service

Jennie Brown Rawlins

IT is a well-known fact that to be of service is one of the most fundamental of a woman's inherent needs. I have known women to be happy in ill health, or in the direst of physical circumstances, but I have never known one to be happy who felt herself unloved, or unneeded. Give her someone to care for, though, someone to whom the touch of her hand brings comfort, and she will be like a choice book filled with lovely thoughts.

Why is this so? What is the source of this joy that seeps into the heart as the sunlight seeps into the chill and rain-soaked earth? Perhaps one reason is the transfer of attitudes. For instance, a woman who considers only the happiness and comfort of those about her, naturally pleases those whom she serves, and their love and appreciation create a warm cocoon of good feeling and security in which she dwells. But let us consider the missionaries, who, it seems, are the purest examples of service to be found. Sometime their messages are ill-accepted, sometimes they are treated with cold indifference or even contempt. Yet thousands who have spent from one to three years in the mission field testify that it was the happiest time of their lives. Joy derived from service must spring from another source than merely the transfer of attitudes. What is it?

We know there is a law by which those who find fulfillment live—whether they are aware of it or not. It is this: True joy is given only to those who put themselves in tune with God's holy plan. It is part of his plan that mankind shall serve his fellows, service given freely, without thought of recompense.

Woman, whose heart is a fine-tuned instrument sensitive to the suffering of her fellow beings, finds, when she is able to render service, the music produced as by the hand of a master, becomes a beatitude of beauty that is solace to her ever-thirsting soul.

Recipes From the Swiss-Austrian Mission

Submitted by LaVelle D. Curtis

Birchermuesli
Maria Weissenburger

1 No. 2 can fruit cocktail
1 No. 2 can pineapple juice
1 No. 2 can chunk pineapple
6 bananas
2 c. uncooked oatmeal (or more if needed)
1½ c. ground nuts
juice of two lemons
6 oranges, or equivalent quantity of any one or more of grapes, strawberries, raspberries, apples, or any other seasonal fruit which is available
sugar to taste
2 pts. whipping cream (whipped and sweetened)

Mix all ingredients together, except the whipped cream, and let stand in refrigerator for one hour. Add cream and let stand for one-half hour in refrigerator. Serve in bowl. It is very filling and can be used for the main course. This recipe makes a very large amount.

Wienerschnitzel
(Veal Cutlets)
Hanni Wysard

2 lbs. veal cutlets ¼ inch thick
salt and pepper to taste
1 egg
parsley
fine bread crumbs
shortening
lemon slices

Rub in the cutlets a little salt and pepper, dip them in egg batter, and cover with fine bread crumbs. Fry in large amount of shortening four to six minutes until brown and tender. Arrange on platter and garnish with lemon slices and parsley. Serves four to six persons.

Berner Plate
Hanni Wysard

2 lbs. fresh green beans
1 tbsp. butter
2 tbsp. flour
onions and parsley
2 c. bouillon
salt
spice according to taste
1 lb. bacon for the entire recipe or one spareribs for each person

Pour hot salt water over the beans and drain. Melt the butter, add onions and parsley cut in small pieces and brown the mixture. Add the flour and the beans and stir; add the bouillon and spice. Add bacon or spareribs and boil for forty to sixty minutes. When the beans and bacon are well done, take the whole piece of bacon out and cut it into pieces according to the number to be served. Place the beans on platter and decorate with bacon pieces.

Carrots
Hanni Wysard

2 lbs. carrots
pinch of sugar
1 tbsp. butter
salt to taste
onions, parsley as desired
2 tbsp. flour mixed in 1 c. water
additional water to cover carrots

Peel and slice the carrots. Melt the butter, add parsley and onions cut small. Brown onions and parsley in butter; add flour mixed in water, and stir; add the carrots, a pinch of sugar, and salt to taste, and enough additional water to cover carrots. Cook slowly twenty to thirty minutes until tender.

Berner Potatoes
Hanni Wysard

3 lbs. boiled potatoes
salt to taste
2 tbsp. butter or fat

Peel potatoes and cut in slices, brown in frying pan with butter or fat, salt to taste. Form in a mold and cover with plate or lid. Cook for about fifteen minutes slowly until it forms a light brown crust. Turn upside down on plate and serve. This can be served with green salad and cold meats.

Orange Sirup for Drinks
Anna Gallati

2 qts. cold water
peelings of five oranges
sugar to taste
lemon flavoring to taste

Pour cold water over peelings of oranges, let stand for five days in cool place or refrigerator. Strain the juice off, add half as much sugar as juice, cook to the consistency of light sirup, add a little lemon flavoring. Let it cool, put in bottles, and cover until ready for use. Keep in cool place. Serve with ginger ale, or other carbonated beverages.

Strawberry Pie

3 lbs. strawberries
2 eggs
3 tbsp. butter or margarine
1½ c. sugar
3 c. flour
1 tsp. baking powder
peeling of 1 lemon

Put some sugar over the strawberries and let them stand until there is some juice.

For the batter, mix the eggs with the butter or margarine and the sugar, and stir well. Add the flour, the baking powder, and the grated lemon peeling and stir. Fill the mixture in a pie pan and bake.

When the crust is cold, put the strawberries, without the juice, on it. To the strawberry juice add 1 c. water and 1 tbsp. sugar, then cook. Dissolve 2 tbsp. corn starch in 1 c. cold water and add to the cooking juice. Cook it slowly for about four minutes and pour hot over the sugared strawberries on the pie. Serve cold. It is very good with whipped cream over it.

On Entering a Small Boy in the Hospital

Elsie McKinnon Strachan

How shall I tell you of his small-boy need,
Whose days have been bright meadows in the sun,
Whose willingness outrides a pinto's speed
When love endorses any task begun?
How shall I tell the charm of praise: that one
Soft word will quiet his initial dread?
The tribute of your smile, warm-lit with fun,
May ease his Hoppy-hat from tousled head—
But, nurse, say cowboys all wear spurs to bed.

Mary Bauer Clark Makes Quilts of Exquisite Workmanship

MARY Bauer Clark, Cedar City, Utah, is an artist at quiltmaking. Her dainty, even stitches are outstanding in neatness and perfection. She has made more than 150 quilts, including more than twenty-five for her children and grandchildren. For thirty years she has been head of the quilt committee in the Cedar City Second Ward Relief Society. She also does lovely crocheting and knitting.

Well known as an outstanding mother and homemaker, Mrs. Clark has seven children, twenty-two grandchildren, and twelve great-grandchildren.

Heart's Oasis

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

Lovely flower in my hand,
I would keep you fresh and bright.
Spices old as Samarkand
Rise and scent my lonely night.

Surely, love is that, a flower,
Rare to find and hard to keep.
Heart's oasis, in this hour
Love blooms where wells are deep.

The Gift and the Giver

Frances C. Yost

MISS Mattie Wilkins had come downtown to buy material for a new spring dress for herself. A new dress, she thought, would raise her spirits. Why, a new dress sometimes changed a person's whole life. She walked through the stores, looking at the display of yardage on the shelves and counters. And then, suddenly, there it was, a blue and pink plaid, delicately shaded.

Miss Mattie paused, feeling the fine-textured cloth. It was fifty-four inches wide. Then, taking the material to a nearby mirror, she let it fall in folds before her. Draped about her face, the material made her eyes bluer, and made her heart soar. Why, Miss Mattie thought, one might even meet love, in a dress made of this.

"May I help you, Ma'am?" the clerk asked politely.

"Why, yes, I'll take four yards of this material." Then Miss Mattie added, "I want some thread, pink buttons, and a zipper to match."

Miss Mattie watched the clerk run the material through the automatic measurer. The end of the bolt was nearing, was there enough for a dress?

The clerk was wearing a little worried frown, too, then her face turned to smiles and she looked up and said: "Four and one-eighth yards. The small extra piece is a gift from the store."

"Thanks," Miss Mattie murmured. Then she added, "I'm so glad there was enough."

With the bundle under her arm, Miss Mattie hurried from the store. Just buying this beautiful piece of material had given a decided lilt to her step. But it wasn't until she was home and glanced at the calendar that she remembered her sister Millie's birthday, which was less than a week away.

"What can I give Millie?" Miss Mattie thought. There were so many things Millie always needed with her large, growing family. She always needed sheets and pillowcases, and towels and dish towels, and tablecloths and napkins. But this birthday, Mattie thought, I want to give her something personal, something lovely.

"I could give her the yardage I bought downtown!" Miss Mattie toyed with the idea. But she so wanted the dress for herself. However, she could get along with what she had. She certainly didn't need a new dress nearly as much as did Millie.

Miss Mattie visualized her sister in the new pink and blue plaid. Millie's eyes would seem even more blue. Millie might even want to make curtains for one of the upstairs bedrooms. The windows were so tiny, there would be cloth enough for a room, it was so wide, and lovely.

Miss Mattie wrote a note: "Happy Birthday, dear sister. I'm sending some yardage to use as you wish. All my love, Mattie."

Quickly, lest she change her mind, and keep the material for herself,

Mattie wrapped the cloth, the thread, the zipper, and the buttons. "I'll mail it this very afternoon, so the package will get there well in time for her birthday," Miss Mattie said.

AS Millie Mathews took the package the mailman handed her, her heart seemed to flutter with excitement. "Thank you," she said politely, but could hardly wait for the friendly postman to pass the time of day and be on his way. Hurriedly, she went to her room and opened the package.

"Why it's from Sister Mattie. It's . . . it's material for a new dress!" Millie feasted her eyes on the fine-textured material. "Bless dear Mattie's heart," she said softly.

Millie Mathews held up the material against her face as she looked into the mirror. The cloth made her eyes look more blue. "I know just how I'll make the dress," she said aloud. "I won't show it to any of the family, until I have it all made. Then I'll just put it on and surprise them." Millie had a nice, warm feeling in her heart, just thinking about the lovely dress which would soon be hers to wear.

It was two days later that Millie Mathews went upstairs to see why her daughter Jody was so very quiet. She found Jody lying on her bed, and her eyes were red from crying. Jody was a sophomore in high school. As Millie looked at her through a mother's eyes, she had to admit how really charming Jody was, even with the bridge of freckles across her nose.

Millie just couldn't stand to see Jody unhappy. She put her arm around her and spoke ever so gently. "What's wrong, Jody dear?"

"It's really nothing, Mother." Jody tried to squirm away.

"Please tell Momie, Jody," Millie pleaded.

"Well, Mother, I didn't intend to worry you about it, because you probably can't do anything about it either, but. . . ." Jody hesitated and wiped away an unbidden tear.

"But maybe I can help, if you tell me," Millie urged softly.

"Well, the senior class is sponsoring a dance a week from Friday, and Monte, you know that new boy who's so nice . . . well, he asked me for a date, and well. . . ." Jody's voice hesitated, then, taking courage, continued, "Everyone will have new dresses for the dance, nice dresses with full skirts, fresh and pretty. I wish . . . I wish that I could shut my eyes and a fairy godmother would bring me cloth for a dress. I know just how I want it made." Jody's voice faded away with hopelessness.

Millie Mathews put her arms around her teenage daughter very tenderly. Millie thought of her sister Mattie. Would she care too much if she gave the material to Jody? What had the note said: "I'm sending you some yardage to use as you wish." Well, she wished to use it for Jody. She would tell Mattie in the next letter about the dance, and how happy Jody was with the cloth she had sent. Mattie would understand a mother's sacrifice. The material would look so very lovely on Jody. It was such a youthful color combination. Yes, this was what the material was meant for.

"Jody, shut your eyes, and give your fairy godmother two minutes."

Millie slipped softly out of Jody's room and quietly into her own room. Withdrawing the material, the thread, the buttons, and the zipper, and leaving the gift wrapping and the card sentiment tucked safely away in her drawer, Millie slipped back into Jody's room and laid the material on her lap.

"Now, open your eyes, Jody dear," Millie said excitedly.

"Oh, Mother, oh, Mother! It's beautiful! It'll make a gorgeous dress." Jody ran with the material to the mirror and, dancing on her toes, exclaimed: "Oh, Mother, you're better than any fairy godmother!"

NONDUS, Jody's older sister, came home from college Friday evening. It had been a long time since Nondus had been home, and all the family were most happy to see her.

"It's sure good to have you home again, Nondus," Jody said.

"It's just wonderful to be home," Nondus replied. Then she added rather apologetically, "I know you never cared for hand-me-downs Jody, but maybe you won't mind clothes that have been to college. The truth is, I just can't squeeze into them anymore." Nondus laid a number of nice dresses on Jody's bed.

"Why you're not fat, Nondus, you're cute," Jody said.

"Thanks for the compliment, Jody honey, it isn't that I'm so fat, it's just that I'm not a teen anymore. I guess I've reached womanhood, and these teen dresses just won't stretch." Nondus tried to appear cheerful about it, but she didn't fool Jody.

"But Nondus, there's just everything here!" Jody looked at the pile of clothing on the bed. "All the nice school clothes you took last fall, the party dress, your formal, just everything!" Jody was amazed.

"Yes, everything all right," Nondus agreed, "and I'm not exactly happy about not being able to wear them. Confidentially, my wardrobe amounts to two straight wool skirts and two sweaters. Just between us, I haven't the heart to tell Mother. She, well she couldn't do anything about new clothes right now. So . . ." Nondus managed a smile, "I'll just make my sweaters and skirts do until school's out, and then I'll get a summer job and buy material to make me some summery dresses that fit."

Jody looked at the avalanche of nice dresses she had suddenly fallen heir to. "Well, thanks anyway," she laughed quietly, "I guess your loss is my gain."

"I guess," Nondus agreed, then added warmly, "but I don't know anyone I would rather give them to than you, Jody."

Jody thought of the pretty blue and pink plaid material. It would look lovely on Nondus. Jody visualized for the last time the boys standing in line, waiting to dance with her. Just waiting for their turn to swing the girl in the pink and blue plaid dress. Then she visualized Nondus sitting in hot classrooms, wearing itchy sweaters and wool skirts, clear until June.

"Nondus, Mother gave me some cloth to make a dress for the dance next Friday, but now that you've given me all these nice clothes, well I just won't need it now. I want you to have it. It's here in my drawer."

Jody went over and withdrew the

pink and blue plaid yardage, the thread, the buttons, and the zipper, and brought them over to Nondus.

"There's a cute pattern for it, too. You were always good at altering patterns, if it's a little small." Jody was talking extra fast, as though if she didn't get all the words out at once, she might change her mind and keep the dress for herself.

"And, Nondus, if we pitch in tomorrow morning, it's Saturday, I could help you sew and we could have it all finished for you to take back to school. Why, you could even wear it Monday, if you wanted."

Jody thought of her mother. Mother wouldn't care that she had given it to Nondus. Mother was always so understanding and would consider it as a very generous act. Mother knew how much the cloth really meant to her.

Jody looked at the array of clothes Nondus had laid on the bed. There was a red and white checked gingham, with a full skirt. It would look nice for the dance, if she washed and starched it. What was Nondus saying?

"Oh, Jody, oh, Jody! You don't know what this means to me." Nondus was exuberant. "When I, if I ever get out of college, and get a good paying job, I'm going to buy you some really lovely clothes. You'll know what it's like not to have to wear hand-me-downs, Jody. I, I guess it sounds over-sentimental but, Jody. . . ." Nondus blinked away a tear, and continued, "I do love you, Jody!"

NONDUS wore the blue and pink gingham dress to a dance in the college recreation hall. Nondus was on the serving committee, and she was pouring punch when a young man came up and spoke: "Pardon me, I'm Bob Southerly. . . . I live at Ivy Hall. . . . Home town Bakersfield. . . . I'm a senior . . . majoring in accounting. . . . May I have this dance?"

It had all come out in one breath, and realizing the way it sounded, he laughed sheepishly. Nondus caught the humor of it, too, and laughed softly with him.

Nondus scrutinized the young man standing before her. He was tall and neatly dressed, with a clean appearance, a nice smile, and dark wavy hair.

"I'd be happy to dance this one." Nondus knew she was blushing. Then she added shyly, "I'm Nondus Mathews."

"You've been around all year, and I wait until spring to find you. I'm slipping!" Bob Southerly smiled. Then he added, "You see, I've kept my nose to the grindstone. Majoring in accounting is stiff, but I believe I've made the grade, and well. . . . I felt like I should relax and loosen up my joints at a dance tonight." He laughed softly.

Later that evening, Bob Southerly said: "I don't want to sound sentimental, but when I saw you there, pouring punch in that pretty dress, I knew you were the girl I've been dreaming about."

Nondus thought, funny what a new dress would do for you, she knew there would be other dances, other dates.

Nondus thought of dear Aunt Mattie, who had never married, and

who was the original giver, as Mother had explained while they were making the dress. Aunt Mattie would be happy to know about Bob Southerly. She would write and tell her about him, and about the blue and pink plaid dress that had sort of introduced them. Perhaps if Aunt Mattie had had a dress like this, when she was young, things just might have been different for her, too.

Scissor Happy

Helen H. Jones

TODAY, yesterday, and the day before that my husband and a young German refugee called Gogee (really Gotfried) have been scissor-happy in our garden. Though they can't understand each other's language, they agree in this: everything must go, everything must be pruned, and the closer the better.

"Cut," says my husband, moving two fingers to imitate scissors. Then, with a sweeping gesture of his slender school-teacher hands, "No good. Must go."

Gogee nods. "I know, I know."

Several times I've wanted to rush out and put up a battle for my blooming geraniums, the verbena still in flower. I don't because I know, much as I hate to admit it, that what they are doing to the garden will be for the best in the long run.

In the long run. One of the abilities that God gave us when he created us in his image was the ability to see ahead, the vision to do today what will be best for us tomorrow.

Those two men outside—my husband looking through bifocals, slightly bald, slightly round-shouldered from bending over interminable compositions that are always piled before the teacher of English, and Gogee, seventeen, with his shock of flax-like hair, clear blue eyes, work-hardened hands, and youthful strength—share the same wisdom.

It is good to be scissor-happy when we are cutting away the old and useless to make room for the growth of the new and beautiful, though, at the moment, things as they are may seem desirable.

To a Child Pushing a Doll-Carriage

Ida Elaine James

With what proprietary airs
You push your precious burden, child!
A certain understanding tears
At memory's heartstrings . . . so I smiled
Into your lifted eyes a second
As my thoughts raced backward . . . far,
Where sweet possessive hours unreckoned
Flew like a tune's unmeasured bar.

Fleetingly, my heart rejoiced
In young and tender motherhood
For you; in whispers my heart voiced:
"You can keep her as you would,
To love — smile on, for this is good."

We Are All Alike—But Different

Elsie C. Carroll

"I can't believe it! It can't be true!"

Those words were sobbed by a mother whose son had confessed his guilt to a serious crime. She thought she knew her son. But in a way he was a stranger to her.

Recently another mother, proud and happy, when she learned that her daughter had won a great honor, exclaimed, "It was a complete surprise to us all. We didn't even know she was trying for the award."

Hearing of these opposite statements recalled to my mind lines of a little Japanese poem:

> The white iris and the purple iris
> Grow side by side in the pond,
> Yet never open their hearts
> To each other.

Even though it is true that "No man is an island," and all our lives are intertwined with many other lives—in fact, as John Donne says in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," with *all* other lives—there are closed chambers in our hearts into which no one, however dear, enters.

Often we are amazed to discover how little we really know about the people we think we know the best.

A mother who watches her baby develop day by day from the time it is placed in her arms a helpless little mite, naturally feels for a time that she knows her child, that she understands its every thought and emotion. But this is not for long. Sooner or later every mother has the experience of the one who heard her child tell his sister, "Patty has gone inside herself and closed the door and pulled down the shades."

Perhaps it isn't that Patty wants to shut her mother out. We all must live much of our intellectual, emotional, and spiritual experiences relatively alone, no matter how much we would like to share them completely with loved ones. But we are doomed to varying degrees of isolation no matter how many relatives and friends surround us. I know a child who runs to her mother once in a while saying, "Mama, let me sit on your lap. I feel alone." She can't explain just what this feeling is, but she doesn't like it, and it takes some time for the mother's reassurance to relieve her of the discomforting sensation.

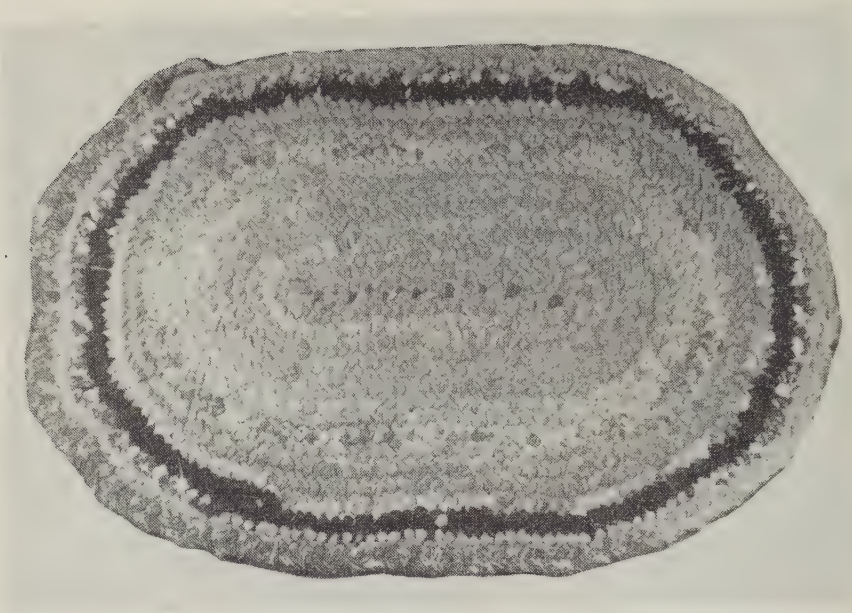
Parents sometimes forget that children inherit a complex heritage. If they could remember this, they could better understand tendencies in their offspring entirely different to any of their own, and, perhaps, have more sympathy when things that seem insignificant to themselves have tremendous importance to their children.

We may be surprised when neighbor Jones begins to spend money she has saved from selling butter and eggs, not for better clothes, nor new rugs and drapes for her shabby home, but for violin lessons. Or when nephew Tom, upon graduation, refuses the partnership in his father's business and works his way to Europe on a freighter to see the great art galleries of the world.

But we shouldn't be surprised. It is this *aloneness* part of us that makes us individuals.

I once heard an eminent speaker pay a beautiful tribute to his wife. He said: "When I looked at our firstborn little daughter the wish that filled my heart was that she could be just *exactly* like her mother. But, on further thought, I realized the impossibility of such a thing, and that, if my wish could be granted, this little newcomer to our world would be deprived of the most precious gift to which life entitles each of us, *individuality*."

Perhaps if we would think a little more about this fact—that each of us is an individual, each different from all others, we could sometimes be more understanding, more tolerant.



An Easy Way to Make Rugs

Eugenie Daniels

DO you like homemade rugs? If you do, a toothbrush handle makes a useful needle to create an attractive rag rug, one that looks like the old-fashioned braided rug so popular in our grandmother's or great-grandmother's time. These rugs may be made of discarded clothing, blankets, draperies, bedspreads, or other available materials.

You have a toothbrush with a hole in the handle? Fine! The hole sometimes has to be made larger, and that can be done by using a small drill or a penknife. Make the hole oval in shape (Figure 1). Now cut off the brush part (Figure 2), and use sandpaper to smooth the end and shape it to a point. The rug needle is now finished and ready to use.

Cut or tear the rags. If they are of cotton material, cut them to about two inches wide. Wool material should be cut narrower, about one and one half inches wide. Materials vary in weave, so cut them so that when twisted, they will be the thickness of a pencil. Keep the rug to one kind of material. Do not mix cotton and wool.

The first step, in making this rug, is to use three strips, each a different color. This will make it easier to see how to start your rug, but is not a must! Have one strand longer than the other two, about eighteen inches long. Make a braid about six inches long, if making an oval rug. Braid a shorter length for a round rug (Figure 3). Turn under the rag-ends that you started

with, and sew them neatly so no raw edges show. This is all the sewing necessary with this kind of rug, if the rags are spliced as the work progresses.

Now thread the long strand in the end of the toothbrush needle (Figure 4). Run the needle through the outside loop of the braid, and pull it through, putting your thumb under the strand, forming a loop. Throw over your *left hand* the rag strand and put the needle through the next section of braid. At the same time, put it through the loop over the thumb, from the top (Figures 5 and 6). Now pull the rag strand through both loops, releasing the loop over the thumb. The strand near the hand now becomes the loop on the thumb. This is repeated until the rag is completed. At the end of an oval rug, widen by going into the braid *twice in the same place*. Widen like the spokes of a half wagon wheel. A round rug would require widening in the complete circle, closer near the center, but farther apart as the rug becomes larger (Figure 7).

To add more rags to the working strand, just fold the end of each rag and make a small cut (Figure 8), and put one end of the rag through the end of the strand fastened to the rug and back into the opposite end of the rag that you are joining. Pull all the way through, easing it a bit with your fingers to make a small knot. If these do not readily go through the rug loops, it is because the loops are being pulled too tight. If so, help by pushing the strips through with the fingers. Rags can be machine sewed together, if preferred. If rags are a

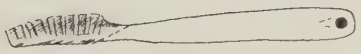


Figure 1

Figure 2

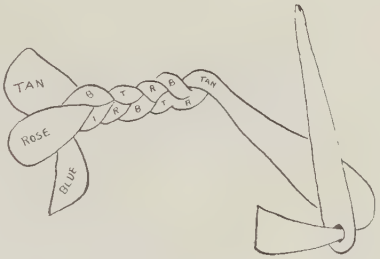


Figure 3

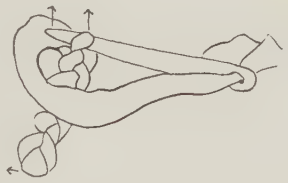


Figure 4

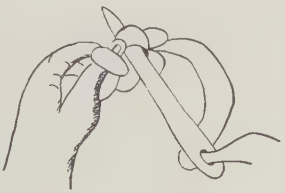


Figure 5

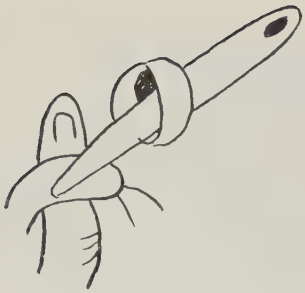


Figure 6-A

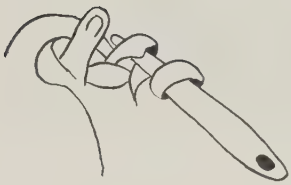


Figure 6-B

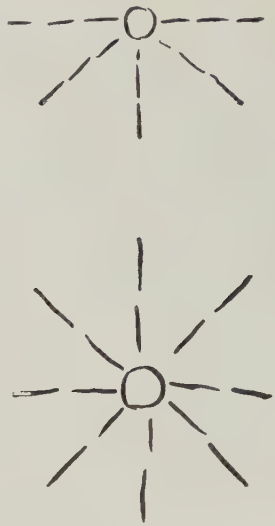


Figure 7

Figure 8

short length, then it is a good idea to sew a few of them together on the sewing machine. A yard length rag is enough to handle with each threading of the needle. Sew the rags flat, placing the ends together for a seam.

A rug with the center all of one color, then a row or two of a contrasting color, and the center color about every fourth row around, is very attractive. Black rags from socks are good to form patterns. Black works up well with gray and pastel colors. Brown is also a good border color, with beige as the main color. Socks are used by beginning at the top and cutting in a spiral down to the foot.

Keep in mind that the larger the rug, the more material it will require of the same color to make a strip around. If you have only odds and ends, use them to make a wide portion of the rug with the "hit and miss" pattern, by using a darker shade, then a light, then a darker shade. In this way, plain colors can be used for borders. A discarded pink cotton bedspread made the center of one rug. A tan cotton back

of a drape was used around a twenty-inch oval rug. A man's blue work shirt followed this. Two old blue crepe housecoats came next. They made two rounds.

Use only materials of fast colors, because you will want to wash the rug. Sometimes neighbors will be glad to give you cast-off clothing. Sort out the materials, cut the rags, and keep them handy in boxes. If you are creative and want color harmony, then use a package or two of dye.

Proposal

Helen H. Winn

Would I have understood if you had brought
A brace of quail and laid it wordlessly
Before me, or have read your unvoiced thought
To pledge your hunter's skill with food for me?
Would I have waited for a lover's words,
For vows on which the heart alone could feed,
Or would I have accepted these wild birds
As offering your labor for my need?

She of an older world would understand,
Would answer you with bread of her own baking,
Jellies from berries gathered by her hand,
Served on a linen cloth of her own making.
Words were not needed. It was better said
By those who spoke their love with quail and bread.

On Starting the Day Right

Wilma Boyle Bunker

I am wondering if I, as a mother, realize how much my own morning outlook affects the entire family. If I am critical, high-strung, and discouraged, the atmosphere of the entire household becomes tense and forbidding. On the other hand, if I set about my morning tasks with a confident, unhurried, and optimistic frame of mind, I can send everyone to work and school happy and ready to tackle the problems of the day.

I know there are mornings when things just don't run smoothly, when it is hard to remain calm and unruffled. That is the time I should remind myself that a bad day at the office for my husband, or a poor grade in a test at school for my son often can be traced to a gloom-ladened breakfast table.

I believe I have it within my power to help shape the kind of day my family will have. Whether it will be one of depressed frustration, or one of confident achievement depends a great deal on how the day begins.

It is my job as a homemaker to keep the house clean, to wash and iron and mend the clothes, and to serve nutritious meals. But it is also my duty as a wife and mother to try to create a serene and optimistic beginning to each day's activities.

Elizabeth's Children

Chapter II

Olive W. Burt

Synopsis: Carol Wilson, the only unmarried one in her family, attends the funeral of her sister Elizabeth and tries to comfort the motherless children. Kathy, the eldest niece, begs Carol to stay and take care of them, but Carol, who is an artist, returns to her work in the city. Their grandmother will care for them.

BRENT Gibson, managing editor of *Your Home Magazine*, and Carol's boss, met her at the airport as she returned to the city from Wyoming and the funeral of her sister, Elizabeth.

"How did it go?" Brent asked solicitously, as he greeted her. Then, before Carol could answer, he went on, "It was rugged, I can see from the way you look. Take it easy today, Carol. Try to rest and not to think. But I'll tell you one thing—I'm mighty glad to have you back. I was afraid you'd decide to desert me."

His voice, Carol noticed, held a note of deep sincerity, not called for by the casual words.

Carol raised her eyes to the familiar face, and then shifted them quickly. Once in awhile she caught a look like that in the man's eyes, and it always troubled her. They were business associates, that was all. And there was no reason for that intent, tender expression.

"You weren't hoping instead of fearing, now, were you?" she tried to sound teasing, but she was too bone weary to make it believable.

Brent, too, was trying to sound casual. "Not just afraid, terrified!" he said, and grinned down at her. "A Wyoming ranch house filled with noisy kids is no place for my chief artist." Then he went on relentlessly, "Your Mother's Day cover is about due, you know!"

That was more like Brent. Carol smiled suddenly. "Slave driver! But it'll be ready."

Back in her little studio, under the pressure of work to be done by a certain time, work that she loved to do, Carol felt release from the tensions of living. She could push Elizabeth's children back in her mind and lose herself in the creative effort required by her painting. And as an overtone to this effort, completely filling her consciousness, was the desire to create something that would meet the critical approval of Brent Gibson.

As she stood before her easel she was subtly aware of what this picture must be. She hadn't consciously planned it, but it was there, in her mind's eye, complete to every small detail. She began to sketch in the rough outline of her idea. Her hand, trained and obedient, moved almost involuntarily in response to her imagination.

WHEN Brent Gibson dropped in a few days later to see how she was progressing with the assignment, he looked at the nearly completed painting and gave a low whistle of surprised admiration.

"That's great, Carol! Truly great!" he said earnestly.

Carol looked up, gratified at his

genuine approval. His eyes moved from the painting to the artist, and he regarded her thoughtfully for a long moment. It was as if he were reappraising her, re-evaluating her.

She flushed a little in embarrassment, and, to cover this emotion, she asked, "Do you get the significance?"

"Of course. Who could miss it?" He turned his gaze again to the painting. It was Carol's memory of that evening in the bedroom with Elizabeth's children — the children who had lost their mother and were clinging to her in place of their mother. It showed a small girl at her mother's knee, praying. But the figure of the child alone was visible. Of the mother, only the skirt of a soft robe showed, with the bare feet of another child on the mother's knee, lifelike against the heavenly blue of the robe. It was the expression on the praying child's face that told the story. Somehow Carol had managed to convey in those rapt, peaceful features the whole essence of security and love —the security and love found at a mother's knee, with the spirit of God hovering, almost tangible, over them all.

"It's a beautiful thought, Carol," Brent said softly. "And different. You've contrived to depict the essence of a mother's love, and without showing her face at all. It's great! For you've put here what any observing person must have realized—that the love between a mother and child has nothing at all to do with the mother's appearance. Always artists are showing the mother's face — and making her beautiful. But," his voice caught, "it's the love that is important."

Carol's face was troubled. "After I got started, I began to have doubts. You know, Brent, I think I was just a bit confused about what a mother really looks like . . . ."

He took her shoulders between his strong hands and looked down into her questioning blue eyes. "You're worrying about your sister's children, aren't you? But they're all right?"

"Yes," she said slowly. "I suppose they are. I tell myself that they don't need me — that I'm just being a sentimental old aunt."

He shook her gently. "And this is the lady that came to me begging for a chance to show what she could do in the magazine world! The lady that promised breathlessly, without even being asked, that she would be a permanent fixture, growing with the magazine, staying with it as long as she was wanted. No fly-by-night! No silly young girl longing for a home and husband . . . ." He broke off suddenly and turned away. "When can I send for the painting?"

"Day after tomorrow," Carol answered, and there was no trace of emotion in her voice.

BUT as soon as Brent was gone, she turned away from her easel, drew out her sewing machine and opened a big box she kept hidden in her closet. It was filled with material and patterns, and a half-finished full-circle skirt she was making for Kathy. But before she sat down at the machine, she took a peek at the clothes already finished. There was a sort of balm for her heart in these lovely little garments —in the dainty dresses for Trudy

and Becky and the elaborate cowboy shirt for Steve. While sewing for the children, she could summon up their images, could almost believe they were here with her. And when the children received these products of her time and skill, they would know that they had not been forgotten by their aunt.

They knew that, anyway, she thought. She had written to them every day or two, and she had one letter from Kathy with a scrawled P. S. from Steve and crosses for kisses from the little girls. Kathy had told her that everything was fine. They were all well and happy and hoped she was the same. Carol smiled crookedly at the thought. Yes, she was the same—and always would be, she guessed.

As the Christmas drew near Carol found herself constantly planning what she could do for Elizabeth's children, shopping for toys and goodies, searching the counters for gay surprises. She would have liked to fly up there, herself, and be with them over this, the best of holidays. But she didn't dare. She felt sure that if she saw them again, she would not be able to tear herself away. And that would be foolish. They were well cared for. And it was probably just her own selfish need for love, her own need to be important to someone, that made her think of thrusting herself into Fred's home on the pretext that his children needed her.

Brent Gibson dropped into her studio one wintry afternoon while she was busy with her painting.

"I'm calling for help!" he cried gaily. "I simply can't tackle the job alone this year!"

"Now what job can that be?" Carol asked.

"Shopping for the staff's Christmas gifts," Brent said, and then went on with comical ruefulness. "That's old big-hearted Brent! Other bosses send an office boy out to do this little job—or, if they are very, very thoughtful they get their private secretary to take over. But not Brent Gibson. Oh, no! He has to go out and select each gift himself! Please tell me why!"

Carol smiled. "It's because you're the best boss in the whole world. But don't let that go to your head—I don't really mean it." Then suddenly, inexplicably, "Yes, I do, too, mean it, Brent."

"I'm glad you added that," he said soberly. Then, "Come along, lady, and help me out."

AS she reached down her hat from the closet shelf, she dislodged the box that held the clothes she had made for Elizabeth's children. It fell to the floor, the top came off, and dainty frocks and petticoats, shirts and scarves went scattering over the floor. Brent stared at them in surprise, as Carol tried to pick them up. He reached down and rescued one of Trudy's diminutive, ruffled frocks.

"And what's this?" he asked. "Looks like a fairy-child's dress."

"It is," Carol said gently, as she took the little garment from his hands and placed it back in the box. "It's Trudy's Christmas dress. Elizabeth always made the children new clothes for the holidays, and I'm not going to let the tradition die."

"But you sent off a box of clothes just a few weeks ago. . . ."

"I know. But I like to sew." She

put the box back on the shelf and turned bright eyes to the man. "Come on, or you won't get much shopping done today!" she said brightly.

The afternoon turned out to be a gay one, with Brent displaying an uncanny insight into the personalities of the men and women who worked for him. Carol, watching him select each gift with discrimination and, yes, affection, thought how sensitive and perceptive this man was. He ought to have a home and a family, she thought once. But this made her smile. He often said he was wedded to the magazine and the staff members were his family. That was all he wanted, really. Why did she have to sentimentalize over everyone?

They topped the day off with dinner at the city's finest restaurant, and then Brent took Carol back to her studio apartment.

"It's been a wonderful day!" he said as he told her good night. "And I here and now appoint you my permanent shopper's aid."

Carol laughed. It had been wonderful.

But when Brent was gone and she was alone, she slumped tiredly on the long couch. This was anticlimax—she was dreadfully lonely. Well, she would go home for Christmas. Her thought swung to Brent. What would he do on that day, sacred to family and family love? A sudden thought made her smile. She would take Brent home with her. He probably wouldn't enjoy it too much, confirmed bachelor that he was, but it would be better than spending the day alone.

It proved to be a happy solution. Brent, as on that afternoon of shopping, showed a cheerful adaptability to the demands of the situation. He played with her sisters' children, for both Grace and Denise lived close enough to be frequent visitors at their mother's house. Carol missed Elizabeth's children, but Fred had written that they didn't want to leave the ranch. "A Wyoming Christmas can't be beat anywhere!" he had declared.

The little holiday made a pleasant break in the year's routine, but Carol was glad to get back to her studio and her beloved easel. She settled down, now, to the work that seemed to be piling up more urgently every week. She had finished illustrations for the little book, and the publisher had been so delighted that he had immediately commissioned her to do a far more pretentious job. It was a demanding piece of art, calling for imagination and creativeness, and Carol had little time to think of anything else. She did, however, manage to send letters regularly to Elizabeth's children, and was always moved by their careful, scrawled replies.

THE weeks, the months slid by, and it was late spring when a letter came from Kathy that brought Carol to her feet with a little cry of pain. As usual, it was in the painstaking, stilted phrases that showed so plainly that the child had been warned not to bother her aunt with their troubles. Carol had been able to read between the lines, as clearly as if the words were printed there, "Grandma Trent and Daddy say I mustn't tell you how I really feel, Aunt Carol. They say I mustn't let you know that we are all awfully lonely and unhappy."

Carol had read some such unwritten message in many of Kathy's letters, but she had pretended, even to herself, that it was not there. But this letter . . . .

"We are all well and happy and hope you are the same." And there, as a poignant period to the brave words, was a big, soft blob where a tear had fallen, unnoticed by the child.

Then, after the neat, "Your affectnate niece, Kathy" came a P. S. "Grandma Trent is sick in bed. I guess we've just about killed her, we make so much work. Daddy says I'll have to be the woman of the house now, till Grandma gets well again."

And then Stevie's inevitable last word, "Gee, ant carol, things is getting pretty tuff around here."

Carol stared at the expressive blob on the soiled sheet. Then she sighed and went to the telephone. She dialed the magazine's number and asked for Brent.

"Brent," she said, keeping her voice under control, "I'm leaving tomorrow morning for Wyoming."

"Oh! Something wrong up there?"

"Everything, I guess. Though Kathy says they are well and she hopes I am the same. But Brent," her voice shook, "there's a blob on the paper. She was crying when she wrote that. I've got to go . . . ."

"Steady, Carol!" Brent's voice was calming. "I'll come and take you to the airport."

Good old Brent! Not a word about her work! Carol gulped. "There're still two weeks before the next cover's due, Brent. I'll get it done, somehow."

"Of course you will. But don't worry about it. Take it easy, Carol. Take it easy."

"Brent," Carol said carefully, "I may have to stay—really stay. You may want to get another artist . . . ."

"Let it ride, honey," Brent answered. "Wait till you see how things are. And don't jump in without looking! And looking carefully and honestly!" He laughed, embarrassed. "Listen to old Uncle Brent giving advice. But I mean it, Carol."

"I know, Brent. But I've got to see . . . ."

"I'll be there for you—early enough so you can have your breakfast at the airport. Nothing like speeding the departing staff!"

"Thanks, Brent." Carol cradled the receiver. Well, this was the end of her months of resistance. She was giving in—lock, stock, and barrel. She shook herself grimly.

"No, I'm not! I'm not giving in. I'm just going up there to look things over!"

She got up quickly and began to pack.

(*To be continued*)

Life Is Not a Holiday

Anne S. W. Gould

LIFE is an education, we learn whether we want to learn or not. We should realize that trials and troubles are lessons to be learned, the steps by which we climb and grow. This realization should take the bitterness out of our trials; because we progress step by step, onward and upward, all our life.

Life is not a holiday, life is an education.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine*, January 1958, page 47, and the *Handbook of Instructions*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Margaret R. Jackson

NEW ENGLAND MISSION, PORTLAND (MAINE) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY DISPLAY OF PLANTS AT BAZAAR, October 18, 1957

Left to right: Sally Ann Chase, Secretary-Treasurer; Alberta N. Richardson, First Counselor; Ruby S. Marino, Second Counselor; Mildred H. MacDonald, President.

Margaret R. Jackson, President, New England Mission Relief Society, comments on this outstanding bazaar: "There were twelve tables, including fancywork, homemade pastries, candy, preserves, aprons, dolls, and many other articles. Decorations were fall leaves, in all their beauty, and pine branches."

Photograph submitted by Faye K. Nielson

SOUTH SEVIER STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, September 8, 1957

Front row, seated, left to right: Berneice Anderson; Beth Gregerson; Florence Staples; Faye K. Nielson, President, South Sevier Stake Relief Society; Nola Ware, pianist; Golda Bush, stake chorister; Dean Yergenson, organist; Della Ware; Reva Christensen; Mildred Christensen; Lucille Williams.

Second row, seated, left to right: Julia Burr; Myrtle Peterson; Ida Johnson; Lucy James; Dona Bokman; Floral Rasmussen; Jennie O. Winget; June Barney.

Back row, standing, left to right: Myrle Morrey; Rosalie Marble, Secretary; Ethel Herring; Lena Barney; Talitha Nielson; Marie Larson; Fiametta Adair; LaVerd Hansen; Helen Swalberg; Genevieve Tietjen; Lou Ella Lee; Ruby Hooper; La Verne Daniels.

Photograph submitted by Dorothy S. Blaisdell

SANTA ROSA STAKE (CALIFORNIA) SINGING MOTHERS FURNISH MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, October 27, 1957

Front row, standing at the right, left to right: Catherine Newman, stake organist; Dorothy S. Blaisdell, President, Santa Rosa Stake Relief Society; Alameda Neilson, stake chorister.

Also appearing in the group are First Counselor Catherine Woolley and Second Counselor Sarah Neerings.

Photograph submitted by Dorothy P. Christensen

TAHITIAN MISSION, PAPEETE FRENCH AND TAHITIAN BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS

Top picture, left to right, Papeete French Branch Relief Society officers: Afton Ward, organist; Muriel Lethuillier, First Counselor; Cherie Benacek, President; Edna Poroi, Second Counselor; Denise Gobrait, class leader.

Bottom picture, front row, seated, left to right, Tahitian Branch Relief Society officers: Tiaki Menemene, First Counselor; Esther Bennett, President; Raita Sam You, Second Counselor. Back row, standing, left to right: Poia Palmer, Secretary-Treasurer; Tiaki Parker, class leader.

Dorothy P. Christensen, President of the Tahitian Mission Relief Society, reports: "Two weeks ago (from date of letter, October 26, 1957) the Papeete Branch was made into a Tahitian-speaking branch and a French-speaking branch. A Relief Society for each branch was organized. The French Branch Relief Society is made up of the younger women in the branch. The Tahitian Branch is made up of the older group of women. We are looking forward to these groups to carry on the active program of the mission."

Photograph submitted by Myrle B. Johansen

EMERY STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT ANTHEMS FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, October 1957

In the center of the front row are seated: Myrle B. Johansen, President, Emery Stake Relief Society; to the left: Alice Day, Second Counselor; Claire Hunter, stake chorister; to the right: Neva Jensen, First Counselor; Jane McClanahan, stake organist; Ona Tuttle, stake literature class leader; Ruth Litster, guest conductor from Cleveland Ward. Anna B. Larsen, guest conductor from Ferron Ward, was not present when the picture was taken.

Photograph submitted by Ora H. Petersen

DANISH MISSION, ODENSE BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY TABLE DECORATED FOR THE OPENING SOCIAL, September 30, 1957

Ora H. Petersen, President, Danish Mission Relief Society, reports: "After the recently innovated summer vacation, the Relief Societies in each branch in Denmark held an opening social. All districts have reported an increase in attendance and activity. Many novel and original ideas for table arrangements were introduced. From Odense Branch came this picture of one of the most unique and beautiful arrangements,

using autumn leaves, fall flowers, and part of the food as decoration. A shining silver channel graced the length of the table, in which sailed specially cut open-faced sandwiches in the form of miniature boats, each flying a Danish flag in the stern. (Danish open-faced sandwiches are both appetizing and decorative, and are world renowned.) Also serving as decoration and food were luscious grapes and red and yellow apples. In addition, creamed chicken and asparagus in patty shells and lemonade were served. Because so many attended the opening social, and because the lesson books have been printed in an attractive, small size, which is easier to carry, even though twenty-five per cent more books were printed this year, they have all been sold, and it will be necessary to print more.

"Special book marks on which was written 'The Glory of God Is Intelligence,' 'Read the Scriptures,' in gold lettering on blue, were presented as favors to each woman who attended. After the luncheon, the new lesson book was presented, then a program, with talks and music, was enjoyed by all."

Photograph submitted by Verney J. Olson

SOUTH SALT LAKE STAKE (UTAH), BURTON WARD TOY DISPLAY AT BAZAAR

Verney J. Olson, President, South Salt Lake Stake Relief Society, reports a successful toy-making project by the Burton Ward Relief Society: "In the picture is Geneva Birch, chairman of the toy making project. Sister Estella Walborn is Work Director Counselor. Under the supervision of Sister Birch 110 toys were made from scraps and used materials, with the exception of the monkeys, which were made from socks. The toys were all stuffed with nylon scraps from a factory, and so the profit was nearly one hundred per cent clear. It was a beautiful display of various toys, and it was a delight to see the joy the ward members showed in buying the toys. All but three toys were sold. Ledia Burrows is president of the Burton Ward Relief Society."

Teach ye diligently and my grace shall attend you, that you may be instructed more perfectly in theory, in principle, in doctrine, in the law of the gospel, in all things that pertain to the kingdom of God, that are expedient for you to understand (D. & C. 88:78).

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 8—The Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants: Section 13)

For Tuesday, May 6, 1958

Objective: To point out the importance of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood.

Divine Authority Necessary

ONE of the great events in the restoration of the gospel was the conferring of the Priesthood upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. In this lesson we shall consider some of the implications of this subject.

As Latter-day Saints we know by modern revelation that in the beginning the Priesthood was given to man as a necessary part of the plan of redemption. There are a number of Biblical examples where men usurped authority and incurred severe punishment. (See 2 Chronicles 26:16-21; Acts 19:13-16.) Men who act without God's authority will be rejected in the day of judgment, declared the Savior. (See Matthew 7:21-23.)

Background of Section 13

In preparation for the formal reestablishment of the Church of Jesus Christ, or kingdom of God upon the earth, the Lord sent his messengers to confer the authority necessary to effect that organization. It was while Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery continued the work of translation of The Book of Mormon that they went into the woods to pray and inquire of the Lord respecting baptism for the remission of sins, that was mentioned on the plates. Joseph Smith continues his account by writing:

> . . . While we were thus employed, praying and calling upon the Lord, a messenger from heaven descended in a cloud of light, and having laid his hands upon us, he ordained us, saying:
>
> Upon you my fellow servants, in the name of Messiah I confer the Priesthood of Aaron, which holds the keys of the ministering of angels, and of the gospel of repentance, and of baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; and this shall never be taken again from the earth

until the sons of Levi do offer again an offering unto the Lord in righteousness (D. & C. Section 13, See also The Pearl of Great Price, *The Writings of Joseph Smith* 2:68-69).

He said this Aaronic Priesthood had not the power of laying on hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, but that this should be conferred on us hereafter; and he commanded us to go and be baptized, and gave us directions that I should baptize Oliver Cowdery, and that afterwards he should baptize me.

Accordingly we went and were baptized. I baptized him first, and afterwards he baptized me—after which I laid my hands upon his head and ordained him to the Aaronic Priesthood, and afterwards he laid his hands on me and ordained me to the same Priesthood—for so we were commanded.

The messenger who visited us on this occasion and conferred this Priesthood upon us, said that his name was John, the same that is called John the Baptist in the New Testament, and that he acted under the direction of Peter, James and John, who held the keys of the Priesthood of Melchizedek, which Priesthood, he said, would in due time be conferred on us, and that I should be called the first Elder of the Church, and he (Oliver Cowdery) the second. It was on the fifteenth day of May, 1829, that we were ordained under the hand of this messenger, and baptized.

Immediately on our coming up out of the water after we had been baptized, we experienced great and glorious blessings from our Heavenly Father. No sooner had I baptized Oliver Cowdery, than the Holy Ghost fell upon him, and he stood up and prophesied many things which should shortly come to pass. And again, so soon as I had been baptized by him, I also had the spirit of prophecy, when, standing up, I prophesied concerning the rise of this Church, and many other things connected with the Church and this generation of the children of men. We were filled with the Holy Ghost, and rejoiced in the God of our salvation (*D. H. C.* I:39-42; also The Pearl of Great Price, *Writings of Joseph Smith* 2:70-73.)

Jesus' Evaluation of John the Baptist

John the Baptist was considered by Jesus to be one of the greatest of the prophets. He said: ". . . Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist . . ." (Mt. 11:11). In commenting upon this statement, the Prophet Joseph Smith observed that the miracles performed by John could not have constituted his greatness, but three things pointed up John's greatness: First, he prepared ". . . the way before the face of the Lord"; second, he was entrusted with the mission of baptizing Jesus; and third, at that time, John was the only legal administrator in the affairs of the kingdom in holding the keys of power. (See D. H. C. V:260-261.)

We are indebted to modern revelation for additional information about John the Baptist and the Priesthood he held. The Doctrine and Covenants, Section 13 tells of some of these powers. Section 84 makes known that his calling was to administer the "preparatory gospel" (verse 26, 27), and that John was ". . . baptized while he was yet in his childhood, and was ordained by the angel of God at the time he was eight days old unto this power, to overthrow the kingdom of the Jews, and to make straight the way of the Lord before the face of his people, to prepare them for the coming of the Lord, in whose hand is given all power" (D. & C. 84:28). John the Baptist was a resurrected being when he restored the Priesthood. (See Matthew 27:52, 53.)

An Old Testament Prophecy

Jesus often referred to the law and the teachings of the prophets. Upon one of these occasions, he applied the fulfillment of an Old Testament prophecy to the mission of John the Baptist as one who should prepare the way for his coming. As we briefly examine this prophecy, let us see how it also fulfills John's mission of restoring divine authority in the latter days:

> Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in: behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts.
>
> But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when be appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap:
>
> And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver: and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness (Mal. 3:1-3).

John's Two-Fold Mission

As indicated, this prophecy was fulfilled in part during Jesus' lifetime, for he referred to the "messenger" of this prophecy as John the Baptist who prepared the way before him. (See Matthew 11:10.) It is very clear, however, that this same messenger, John the Baptist, was also to prepare the way of Jesus Christ before his second coming. These elements in the prophecy confirm this fact: first, Jesus was to come suddenly to his temple; second, the coming of John the Baptist would occur in the last days. Otherwise, these questions would not be relevant:

> But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap (Mal. 3:2).

The expression "refiner's fire" refers to the great heat required to bring ore into a fluid state making possible a separation of the precious metal from the dross with which in nature it is usually found mixed. "Fuller's soap" was used to cleanse garments and to whiten them. Thus we see that these expressions definitely refer to a burning and cleansing process, both of which are associated in the scriptures with the second coming of Jesus (See Malachi 4:1; II Thessalonians 2:8; and D. & C. 101:23-24.) Third, the sons of Levi were to offer an offering in righteousness.

To ascertain whether these three points of Malachi's prophecy were fulfilled during Jesus' mortal ministry, all one need do is ask these questions concerning that period: (1) Did Jesus come suddenly to the temple of Herod? (2) Were the questions asked in the prophecy fulfilled in the ministry of Jesus? (3) Did the sons of Levi of that day offer an offering in righteousness?

The answer to each one of these questions would have to be answered in the negative. They could be answered only in connection with Jesus' great second coming. But before that second coming, John the Baptist was to prepare the way by bringing again to the earth the power or authority to act in the name of God. We may say today that John the Baptist has fulfilled his two-fold mission: first, as the forerunner of the Savior in the meridian dispensation (See Mark 1:2-4; John

1:19-23), and second, as the forerunner of Jesus' second coming by the restoration of divine authority in preparation for the re-establishment of the kingdom of God upon the earth.

In a similar way Isaiah also foretold, in his fortieth chapter, the coming of John the Baptist in the last days. (See Isaiah 40:1-5; Matthew 3:12; Luke 3:2-5.)

Aaronic Priesthood to Continue

When John the Baptist conferred the Aaronic Priesthood upon Joseph and Oliver, he used words which might suggest that the Priesthood so conferred would continue on the earth only until the sons of Levi would offer their prophesied offering in righteousness. This interpretation, however, can not be held because of a recognition that as long as mortality continues there will be a need for the performance of the ordinances of the preparatory gospel with which that Priesthood is associated. This point is confirmed in Oliver Cowdery's report of this event. He said in his testimony, quoted later in this lesson, that the Priesthood would continue *that* the sons of Levi might offer their offering.

Some Lessons From the Restoration of Priesthood

The Aaronic Priesthood was restored one year before the Church was organized. From the opening of this dispensation of the gospel, the Prophet Joseph Smith was being prepared for that formal organization. In addition to the numerous visits with the angel Moroni, Joseph's knowledge was greatly enhanced by the restoration of the Priesthood. As one examines the circumstances which occurred on that beautiful day of May 15, 1829, he realizes how important this event was. Let us indicate some of the truths which are suggested by the event itself. (1) The Aaronic Priesthood is the power by which baptism is performed; (2) a valid baptism must be performed by immersion; (3) baptism is for the remission of sins; (4) the ministry of angels comes through sincere faith; (5) ordination to the Priesthood is done by the laying on of hands; (6) the Aaronic Priesthood is limited in its powers; (7) the restoration of Priesthood confirms the apostasy; (8) life after death is affirmed by the resurrection of John the Baptist; (9) John the Baptist acted under the direction of Peter, James, and John, the apostles, indicating the difference between the lesser and greater Priesthoods, and also that all who hold the Priesthood act under the direction of one who holds the keys of the Priesthood; (10) the higher Priesthood was promised. Other lessons and truths might also be obtained from this one important event—the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood.

Oliver Cowdery's Testimony

Of the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood, we also have the testimony of Oliver Cowdery, written September 7, 1834.

> . . . On a sudden, as from the midst of eternity, the voice of the Redeemer spake peace to us, while the veil was parted and the angel of God came down clothed with glory and delivered the anxiously looked for message, and the keys of the Gospel of repentance. What joy! what wonder!

what amazement! While the world was racked and distracted—while millions were groping as the blind for the wall, and while all men were resting upon uncertainty, as a general mass, our eyes beheld—our ears heard. As in the "blaze of day"; yes, more—above the glitter of the May sunbeam, which then shed its brilliancy over the face of nature! Then his voice, though mild, pierced to the center, and his words, "I am thy fellow-servant," dispelled every fear. We listened, we gazed, we admired! 'Twas the voice of an angel from glory—'twas a message from the Most High, and as we heard we rejoiced, while His love enkindled upon our souls, and we were rapt in the vision of the Almighty! Where was room for doubt? Nowhere; uncertainty had fled, doubt had sunk, no more to rise, while fiction and deception had fled forever. . . .

I shall not attempt to paint to you the feelings of this heart, nor the majestic beauty and glory which surrounded us on this occasion; but you will believe me when I say, that earth, nor men, with the eloquence of time, cannot begin to clothe language in as interesting and sublime a manner as this holy personage. No; nor has this earth power to give the joy, to bestow the peace, or comprehend the wisdom which was contained in each sentence as it was delivered by the power of the Holy Spirit! Man may deceive his fellow man; deception may follow deception, and the children of the wicked one may have power to seduce the foolish and untaught, till naught but fiction feeds the many, and the fruit of falsehood carries in its current the giddy to the grave, but one touch with the finger of his love, yes, one ray of glory from the upper world, or one word from the mouth of the Savior, from the bosom of eternity, strikes it all into insignificance, and blots it forever from the mind! The assurance that we were in the presence of an angel; the certainty that we heard the voice of Jesus, and the truth unsullied as it flowed from a pure personage, dictated by the will of God, is to me, past description, and I shall ever look upon this expression of the Savior's goodness with wonder and thanksgiving while I am permitted to tarry, and in those mansions where perfection dwells and sin never comes, I hope to adore in that day which shall never cease (*D. H. C.* 1:43, footnote from *Message and Advocate*, 1834).

Not long after this event, Peter, James, and John conferred the Melchizedek Priesthood upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, according to the promise made by John the Baptist.

Questions for Discussion

1. Why is the Priesthood or authority to act in the name of God necessary?

2. What information is known about John the Baptist and his work? What part of this knowledge is known only to Latter-day Saints?

3. What evidence is there to support the interpretation of Malachi 3:1-3 in this lesson?

   (a) Who are the sons of Levi?
   (b) What is to be their offering in righteousness?

4. In what ways did the restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood prepare for the organization of the Church?

Verily, I say unto you, all among them who know their hearts are honest, and are broken, and their spirits contrite, and are willing to observe their covenants by sacrifice—yea, every sacrifice which I, the Lord, shall command—they are accepted of me (D. & C. 97:8).

Visiting Teacher Messages—
Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 8—" . . . Be Faithful and Diligent in Keeping the Commandments of God, and I Will Encircle Thee in the Arms of My Love" (D. & C. 6:20).

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, May 6, 1958

Objective: To show that the only way to earn and share God's love is through keeping his commandments.

GOD'S profound love for his children here upon the earth runs as a golden thread throughout the scriptures, both ancient and modern. God's love is the magic alchemy which, if we will but let it, can transform the common incidents of life into wonderful experiences for the growth and development of our souls.

We as earthly parents are concerned with the welfare and prosperity of our children. We try to rear them in an atmosphere of trust and love, and seek to guide and direct them past the pitfalls and dangers along life's way. Our Father in heaven, whose love is perfect, is ever mindful of us, his children. Since the beginning of time, he has sought to lead and direct us into paths of righteousness. He has given us the opportunity of coming to this earth so that we might grow and progress through life's experiences. In order that we might dwell with him forever, in his all-encompassing love:

> . . . he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life (John 3:16).

We, as parents, particularly appreciate those of our children who, by obedience to the teachings and regulations of our household, show their love for us. "A wise son maketh a glad father . . ." (Proverbs 15:20). So it is with our Father in heaven. We must hearken unto *his* word and be obedient to *his* laws if we expect his love and blessings. He has told us "I love them that love me . . ." (Proverbs 8:17). And "If ye love me, keep my commandments" (John 14:15).

Recently, there appeared in a newspaper a picture of a woman with tears streaming down her face, clutching lovingly the flag of the free country in which she had just been granted citizenship. This touching scene has been repeated thousands of times in recent years, when people from oppressed lands have found a haven of peace and security in the free countries of the world. In every case, however, before earning the protection of free-land citizenship, it was necessary that these individuals be willing to follow the rules and laws and abide by the "commandments" established by these countries for citizenship. Not one of these individuals gained such privileges and blessings

by wishful thinking, or merely by an expression of desire.

In order to gain citizenship in God's kingdom we must know and follow his laws and commandments. He has repeatedly emphasized this fact by such statements as, "My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments" (Proverbs 3:1). "For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light . . ." (Proverbs 6:23).

A warm glow of inner peace and security comes to those who earnestly strive to do the Lord's will and to keep his commandments. For surely these commandments and laws are a lamp and a light which shine forth assuring us an inner freedom from oppression. They hold us to the true course and assure us of the great blessing which the Lord promised when he said:

> . . . Be faithful and diligent in keeping the commandments of God, and I will encircle thee in the arms of my love (D. & C. 6:20).

Certainly, there can be no greater blessing than to know that the Lord loves us, and that if we do his will, we will have his arms protectingly about us.

Work Meeting—Living More Abundantly

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Discussion 8—Debts and Trouble

Elder William F. Edwards

For Tuesday, May 13, 1958

Objective: To recognize that there are occasions when going into debt is proper and desirable, but that personal debts are undesirable, generally.

DISCUSSION 4 on "Making Money More Valuable" introduced the subject of debts by emphasizing that savings should precede spending. That lesson should be reviewed as a part of this discussion.

When Debts Are Justifiable

Buying a Home: Few people can save enough to buy a home without a mortgage, except by delaying the purchase of their home too long. The most precious time to own a home is while the children are young, and, usually, a home is bought when savings are available only for the payment of the equity —a good down payment—and modest furnishings. This is a justifiable occasion to go into debt, if the following rules are followed:

1. The total cost of the home *in condition for occupancy* is reasonable in relationship to one's current and prospective income. For people of modest to average means, the total cost should not exceed four times current annual income, or, if the outlook is for considerably increased income within a reasonable period of time. To invest more in the home will probably mean that there would not be sufficient income to cover other essential

items, and thus life could become a constant struggle. "Home, Sweet Home" is a desirable and reasonably priced home.

2. Sufficient funds have been saved in advance so that the home can be furnished for living without added debts beyond the mortgage. Some of the most difficult family problems have been precipitated when people have failed to make allowance for the cost of preparing the grounds, buying furniture, and setting up housekeeping. Important though it is to own a home, most people will find it wise, if space can be rented, to delay the buying of their home until they have accumulated these savings.

3. The mortgage is paid off as rapidly as possible. This policy is sound for two reasons:

a. The first is the general goal of being out of debt, which has been proved wise through generations of time and among all peoples.

b. The second is because of the cost of borrowing money. Obviously the real cost of a home is what has to be paid out of one's income to acquire the home. It requires $13,324 to repay a $10,000 loan, with interest at 6 per cent, in monthly payments over a ten-year period. It requires $19,332 to repay the same loan, if extended over twenty-five years. This means that increasing the period of repayment of the loan from ten to twenty-five years increases the cost forty-five per cent. When people borrow money, they are usually paying a higher price than they think, since the true cost is the amount that must be repaid, including interest and other charges.

Financing an Education: Borrowing money to finance an education is justifiable and often wise. The development of one's talents prepares one to render greater service. The expenditure of this borrowed money helps the individual to acquire the ability to earn more money with which to repay the loan.

When Debts Are Not Justifiable

It should be recognized that what is proper for one person under certain circumstances may be unwise for another. We must be our own judges and not the judges of others, remembering that each enjoys or suffers the consequences of his own acts. The following are suggested as warnings:

1. It may be proper to go into debt to buy an automobile if it is indispensable in connection with one's work or as a means of transportation. Otherwise, savings should precede the purchase of the automobile. The writer recalls a family that appears to have been blessed greatly with opportunities and means, who were married in 1929 and purchased their first second-hand car for cash in 1936 and their first new car for cash in 1947.

The writer has known of young men who quit college because of the burden of payments on a car. Many a student has obtained an inferior education because of neglecting studies due to excessive hours spent in part-time work at a low salary to finance a car. Surely a young woman interested in her future happiness would not be charmed and misled by the apparent economic success of an unwise man. In college, grades, hours of research, and achievement are the measurements of success, not the ownership of a car or the wearing of costly apparel.

2. Solving the problems of unbalanced budgets by borrowing more money is the surest road to financial purgatory. Let us not be misled by such statements as:

"Don't let money problems worry you when we can loan you a sufficient amount to cover all your expenses.

"We are in a position as a loan company to advance cash to cover a variety of needs: school supplies, doctor and dentist bills, car, or home. If you are in need of cash to purchase a refrigerator, clothes, television, or radio, we can make it possible for you to

have them now, and pay them off out of your future earnings."

One can readily calculate that $100 borrowed and repaid in twelve months costs $121, and $200 borrowed and repaid in twelve months costs $241. They point out that the monthly burden can be even less if the repayment period is extended over twenty months, but this means paying back $135 on a $100 loan or $269 for a $200 loan. If the family was not able to accumulate the $100 or $200 to meet these expenses, then how can the family expect to repay the larger amount?

Contemplating the figures in this lesson showing the cost of borrowing money should help us to understand the full meaning of the following statement by President Joseph F. Smith:

Get out of debt as fast as you can, and keep out of debt, for that is the way in which the promise of God will be fulfilled to the people of his Church, that they will become the richest of all people in the world (*Gospel Doctrine*, Ninth Edition, page 299).

Literature — Shakespeare in Our Lives

Lesson 16—The Tempest

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

Text: *Shakespeare Major Plays and the Sonnets*, by G. B. Harrison, Harcourt, Brace & Company, 1948

For Tuesday, May 20, 1958

Objective: To recognize that in *The Tempest* Shakespeare shares with us a serene view of life; and to perceive that contentment and happiness are dependent upon self-mastery and reconciliation with our fellow men.

> Oh, wonder!
> How many goodly creatures are there here!
> How beauteous mankind is! Oh, brave new world,
> That has such people in 't!
>
> V. 1. 181-184

EARLY in 1612, soon after writing *The Tempest*, Shakespeare left his London theater and retired to Stratford-on-Avon. There amid the rural peace which he so loved he spent the four remaining years of his life. Why he found it good to make such a late and drastic change in his life pattern we cannot know. Neither can we *know* with certainty whether he regarded *The Tempest* as merely another profit-making task to be performed, or as his last supreme challenge to create artistic form or body through which his mature personal values might achieve communication and, therefore, enduring identity.

While it is admittedly dangerous, therefore, to assert dogmatically that this play communicates the serene, happy attitude toward life and all mankind which *really* was Shakespeare's in his ripe maturity, it seems equally foolish to regard it solely as routine, and not expressive of his

own magic personality and mature beliefs. Somewhere between these two extremes lies the truth—quite probably the truth which each of us must find and cling to separately as it is shaped by our own individualities. *The Tempest* at its best is more nearly a poem than a play and therefore yields up more of its power when read aloud than when acted on the stage. Even more powerfully than previously, *thought* and style are one, herein, just as every artistic creator cannot exclude his essential self from that which he creates. To a degree, then, this play *is* the mature Shakespeare; but to what degree who shall presume to say?

Or to summarize: to those who find mystery and symbol and poetry in this play and ask what they mean, Shakespeare might reply that they mean to each person whatever beauty or depth of life he finds in the play. It might well be that this play remains one of Shakespeare's most popular works, not because it explains but because it charms and delights. On our part, let us admit that this might be exactly what he wanted, and he fashioned his art accordingly. Therefore, don't ask what it means, but experience it fully as you go. Since no definable destination is ever reached, we must find all its charm and delight and subtlety in the journey else we find it not at all. Yet each time we read it, the play speaks a different combination of values and delights, which might partially explain Shakespeare's various appeals to audiences hundreds of years and thousands of miles apart.

Plot

Shakespeare obeys the unities by having all the action of the play occur in one place within a single day. By skillful use of switchbacks he tells how, twelve years earlier, Prospero, Duke of Milan, was far more interested in books and magic than in being a nobleman. Realizing this so-called weakness, his brother Antonio usurped his position and put Prospero and his infant daughter, Miranda, to sea in a rotten boat which was cast up on an island inhabited by Caliban, a half-human creature whose mother, the witch Sycorax, had imprisoned the spirit Ariel. By employing his own magic Prospero made Caliban and Ariel his servants.

The play opens in a tempest brought about by Prospero who shipwrecks on his island Alonso, King of Naples; his brother Sebastian, his son Ferdinand, honest Gonzalo, and Antonio, Prospero's own brother. Also by Prospero's design, the king's son Ferdinand is cast up on shore separately, so that his father believes him dead. Instead, he meets Prospero's daughter Miranda and they further fulfill Prospero's plan by falling in love, although Prospero pretends to think Ferdinand a spy and forces him to do menial tasks as punishment. Lusting for power, the king's brother, Sebastian, and Prospero's brother, Duke Antonio, plot the murder of King Alonso and Gonzalo, his loyal counselor, even while Caliban induces Stephano, a drunken butler, and Trinculo, a jester, to help him murder Prospero that they may control the island. Prospero frees Ferdinand and promises him Miranda,

then commands the spirit Ariel to amuse them with a masque or play. The play is interrupted when Prospero foils the plot of Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo. Then he brings in Alonso and his party, all under Prospero's spell. He forgives his brother his treachery of twelve years earlier, but demands return of his dukedom. Prospero restores Ferdinand to his father, King Alonso, gives up forever his own practice of magic, and prepares to sail back in happiness to Italy, leaving the half-human Caliban once again the only living creature on the island.

The Tempest As Word-Music

Prospero's island is Shakespeare's true land of enchantment. It is haunted by sprites and magic; all of us feel at once that the burden of this poem is sheer fantasy, and yet, mirage or vision though it may be, it so quickens our hungry imaginations and lifts our hearts that its magic is too much loved ever to be resisted. And the real magic is never on the island, but in the words. Poetry and beauty dominate even the half-beast Caliban who describes the island truly to his chums Stephano and Trinculo:

Be not afeard. The isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,
Will make me sleep again. And then, in dreaming,
The clouds methought would open and show riches
Ready to drop upon me, that when I waked,
I cried to dream again.

III. 2. 144-152

When Caliban speaks thus, the limpid beauty of his utterance makes him more than human, rather than less. "Dainty Ariel," the fairy servant to Prospero, might well be expected to catch his own delicate lightness and tinyness as he incarnates his own definition of the freedom soon to be his in the very song he sings of himself, roaming free in his beloved woods:

Where the bee sucks, there suck I.
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

V. 1. 88-94

As one might expect of an elf, this is light and airy, and the song of one securely at home in the comforting lap of Mother Nature. These same ingredients appear also in the speech of Prospero as he defines the scope of his magic and plans to give up his occult powers. In his words appear a vastness, a majesty, and a sweetness of tone which are appropriate to his larger soul and station. After hearing such lines as these it is small wonder that many have felt Prospero to be Shakespeare himself:

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back; you demipuppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms that rejoice

To hear the solemn curfew, by whose aid—
Weak masters though ye be—I have bedimmed
The noontide sun, called forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault
Set roaring war. To the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt. The strong-based promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs plucked up
The pine and cedar. Graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure, and when I have required
Some heavenly music—which even now I do—
To work mine end upon their senses, that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book.

V. 1. 33-57

Such singing lines as these (the play abounds with them) represent the poet-dramatist Shakespeare at his best. Further, they prove that Prospero's magic lies not in his wand or cloak but in his creator's word-skill.

If the scene and tone of *The Tempest* seem too much like vapor and make-believe to deserve consideration, we should once more stand chastened before a patient, wise Shakespeare who herein amasses overwhelming evidence that the unseen imaginative values of life are often most real. At least Prospero's definition of these unreal realities typically gives to these words their own fascination. The masque has just ended. Prospero explains to his maturing daughter:

. . . These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air.
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself—
Yea, all which it inherit—shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. . . .

IV. 1. 148-158

Such a passage is neither *merely* philosophy or beauty or even words; it is sheer poetry and superb literature, a fitting passage to come from the mouth of Prospero who, at least symbolically, seems to be the best in Shakespeare. Or perhaps Dover Wilson puts it best in *The Essential Shakespeare*: "In *King Lear* Shakespeare succeeded in showing Truth . . . as Beauty; in *The Tempest* he succeeded in showing Beauty . . . as truth" (page 145).

Major Themes

The beauty of Shakespeare's language in this play arises from his beautiful concept of man, from the good and friendly world of plentiful nature in which man lives, and from the idealized self-fulfillment which man can earn for himself by searching out the laws of a benevolent, ordered universe and obeying them in charity, humility, and wisdom. Briefly, then, this play is unified by one large principle—reconciliation: man to man through exercising one's better motives; and to nature by obeying nature's laws in charity. (See V. 1. 16-30 and epilogue.)

1. *Nature*

The spiritual atmosphere dominates this play. But man (as symbolized by Prospero) does not triumph over Nature by withdrawing from it, but by purifying and renewing it. When Prospero comes to the island he is withdrawn, and selfish in his desire to possess knowledge for its own sake; he had not earned wisdom and integrity. Through twelve years of experience and growing he comes to control all surrounding elements of Nature, yet his control is neither a rational, intellectual exploitation nor is it coldly scientific. He finds self-fulfillment by learning the ethical, moral laws of ordered Nature; once these truths are applied to himself he then achieves an integrating oneness. By mastering Nature's laws he comes to control passion and revenge. Thus the island-universe is "controlled by a man who has become himself—" merciful, forgiving, patient, unselfish, yet humble in his earned knowledge and power.

2. *Free Interplay of Good and Evil*

Antonio and Sebastian lust for worldly power sufficiently to kill in order to achieve it. Poor half-beast, half-man Caliban misleads a drunken butler and a fool into believing that through murdering Prospero, their superior, they may come to enjoy the power and leadership which he now possesses. The spirit Ariel is also in bondage, but his acknowledgment of Prospero's superiority and his loyal service to him earn him his freedom, while Caliban is not capable of freedom since he is slave to his lower passions. Antonio and Sebastian turn from serving their evil selves once Prospero discovers their evil plot and forgives them. Prospero, himself, had every reason to become slave to his own desire for revenge, yet he triumphs over his seemingly "justified" tendencies and repays the plotters with forgiveness and love:

> You, brother mine, that entertained ambition,
> Expelled remorse and nature, who with Sebastian—
> Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong—
> Would here have killed your King, I do forgive thee
> Unnatural though thou art. Their understanding
> Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
> Will shortly fill the reasonable shore
> That now lies foul and muddy. . . .
>
> V. 1. 75-82

3. *Love*

Just as Prospero fulfills himself through pity, atonement, and forgiveness—all great principles of Christian love—so his daughter Miranda and young Ferdinand find fulfillment in their conjugal love which is to receive the blessing of both fathers and that of Christian marriage as well. Both for Ferdinand and Miranda love not only provides natural fulfillment, but it is good within itself and promises greater good to come. The courtship of these two is one of the beauties of the play. It depicts the very purity of love.

This is exemplified powerfully in the first meeting of Ferdinand and Miranda, which is filled with religious symbolism. In their words to each other we come to know not only the sublime beauty of pure love, but also the tremendous power

for good which emanates from such a relationship. A somber note precedes their meeting when, in one of Shakespeare's most hauntingly beautiful lyrics, the spirit Ariel reminds Ferdinand that he alone of the ship's crew is still alive:

Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made,
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell
Dingdong . . . Dingdong, bell.

I. 2. 397-404

(Read Act I, scene 2, lines 405-494.)

The culmination of their love comes in their betrothal and in the masque which follows. In this lovely scene all nature in her bounty attends this most faithful love, standing as witness to their mutual pledges of love and constancy:

Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatched with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns and thy broom groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lasslorn; thy pole-clipped vineyard;
And thy sea marge, sterile and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air—the Queen o' the Sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am I. . . .

IV. 1. 60-71

(Also read IV 1. 82-124.)

Nature, beauty, word-music, love-beatitude—all add up to form one symbol of wonder and goodness; indeed all high human values are reconciled together into Prospero's island, the play's largest unifying symbol, this "brave new world that has such people in 't." Perhaps such an assumption is not justified, yet notwithstanding, how tempted all of us must be to regard *The Tempest* as the most fitting representative summary of Shakespeare's priceless bequest to his fellows, as well as a benediction worthy of his dextrous pen and his own great heart.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. What meaning has this play to you?
2. How does Prospero's island come to be enchanted? Is it real?
3. From evidence presented within the lesson prove Prospero a good man.
4. Why is *The Tempest* a Christian play?

Winter Time

Stella Craft Tremble

This is the time of blow-your-hands,
The time of stamp-your-feet . . .
The time when shorter, darker days
And blizzard snowstorms meet!

The time when from the throat of night
There comes an icy rain
Encasing every shrub and tree
Outside my windowpane.

When every lake, through somber days
Looks with a frozen eye
Upon an altered, frigid world
And silent, leaden sky.

The Mississippi's feet are cold,
But songs are in its mouth
Where levees, lying in the sun,
Are laughing in the South!

Social Science—Latter-day Saint Family Life

Lesson 14—Families Have Neighbors

Elder John Farr Larson

For Tuesday, May 27, 1958

Objective: To show the importance of wholesome neighborhood relationships on the family life.

ONE element of happiness involves the satisfactions which we receive from our associations with others. It is our nature to be gregarious but, even without this characteristic, it is almost impossible for any one of us to isolate himself from others. In this day and age the fact that we will have people around us is certain, irrespective of our own wishes and desires. The satisfaction and happiness we receive from these associations are dependent almost entirely upon our own efforts. A good neighbor knows that where much is given, much is received.

And who is our neighbor? Ordinarily we consider our neighbors to be those who live in close proximity to us. In early times, the extent of our neighborly associations was limited by distance and numbers, but as transportation and communication developed, the neighborhood frontier gradually expanded until today it extends to all the world. This expansion has brought new neighbors, some whom we never see, and with it new responsibilities for us as neighbors. There are certain fundamental characteristics which combine to make a good neighbor. There are certain things we should not do. There are certain qualities and attitudes which we must have if we are to be good neighbors and the field of service in being a good neighbor is almost limitless.

As we examine this subject, we shall know that a Latter-day Saint must be a good neighbor, if he is properly applying that which he has been taught.

The Law of Moses

When the Lord revealed the Ten Commandments to Moses on Mt. Sinai, two of these commandments had to do with our neighborly relations.

> Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.
>
> Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's (Exod. 20:16-17).

Significantly, most of the teachings concerning neighbors as found in the Old Testament related to things which we should not do. In Proverbs, for instance, we were admonished against imposing upon and visiting too much with our neighbors as follows:

> Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbour's house; lest he be weary of thee, and so hate thee (Prov. 25:17).

The Psalmist had the consideration of one's neighbor in mind when he said:

> Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill? . . . He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour (Pss. 15:1, 3).

From Jeremiah we are cautioned against imposing upon our neighbors:

> Woe unto him that buildeth his house by unrighteousness, and his chambers by wrong; that useth his neighbour's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work (Jeremiah 22:13).

The Old Testament advice is just as good and pertinent today as it was centuries ago. We all know our neighborly relations are better if we do not carry tales concerning our neighbors, if we do not express jealousy of them and seek things which they possess, and if we avoid criticism and impositions. It is significant to note that the violation of the two "neighbor commandments" given Moses can account for most of the strife between men and nations in all ages.

Love Thy Neighbor

As Christ unfolded his teachings, it became evident that being a good neighbor entailed more than refraining from doing certain things. Let us examine his teachings in this respect.

A lawyer once asked the Savior what he should do to inherit eternal life. Jesus said unto him, ". . . What is written in the law? . . ." (Luke 10:26). In reply the lawyer referred to the written law of the day, which was:

> . . . Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself (Luke 10:27).

Jesus told him he had answered right and said: ". . . this do, and thou shalt live." The lawyer pursued it further by asking: "And who is my neighbour?" In reply the Savior told the story of the good Samaritan. (See Luke 10:30-36.) After telling this story Jesus asked the lawyer this question: "Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?" (Luke 10:36). And the lawyer answered: "He that shewed mercy on him." And Jesus said unto him, "Go, and do thou likewise" (Luke 10:37). Thus the Savior suggested a good neighbor formula.

The secret of successful neighborhood living was summed up when Christ gave the following counsel:

> Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets (Mt. 7:12).

Further refinement of the Christian attitude towards others is found in Matthew:

> Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy.
>
> But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you;
>
> Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect (Mt. 5:43-44, 48).

And in Luke we find solid advice by which we may deal with our neighbors:

Judge not, and ye shall not be judged: condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: forgive, and ye shall be forgiven:

Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again (Luke 6:37-38).

For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he . . . (Prov. 23:7).

The way we feel in our hearts towards others determines the kind of neighbors we are. The family is a neighborhood in miniature. The feeling which we have about others was created and is nurtured in the family setting. (In this connection see Lesson 11, "As the Twig Is Bent.") The child who has learned to give and take, who has acquired a gentle mode of conduct, and whose parents have a satisfactory relationship with the adults in the neighborhood, has a good chance of being a successful neighbor. Being a good neighbor involves the constant process of evaluating our thoughts and actions in relation to our neighbors. Fortunately our thoughts and actions can be improved. We can discard those which are harmful and develop those characteristics which make us good neighbors. This is the process of perfection and it is applicable in our relationships with neighbors as well as in our own exaltation.

Just as the family influences the neighborhood, so does the neighborhood influence the family. The neighborhood is a child's first contact with the world outside the home, and fortunate is the child who finds this contact pleasant and agreeable. The neighborhood helps mold the child, and parents should therefore give sober thought in selecting a neighborhood in which their children will be surrounded with desirable influences.

Let us now consider some of the elements of being a good neighbor.

Respect for Our Neighbor

Respect for one's neighbors is essential. It implies tolerance, friendliness, forgiveness, overlooking the mistakes of our neighbors, and refraining from speaking evil of them. On one occasion President Joseph F. Smith said in General Conference:

. . . We admonish you not only to keep the greatest of all the commandments that has ever been given of God to man, to love the Lord your God . . . but we exhort you also to observe that second law . . . to love our neighbors as yourselves; return good for evil, do not revile others because you are or may be reviled. . . . I desire to impress . . . upon . . . parents the necessity of properly instructing and teaching their children with reference to this glorious principle, charity and love, that love for our neighbor that will enable us to cherish his rights as sacredly as we cherish our own, (and) to defend his rights and liberties . . . (*Gospel Doctrine*, page 256).

If we have respect for the person of our neighbor we will be honest in our dealings with him.

If thou borrowest of thy neighbor thou shalt restore that which thou hast borrowed; and if thou canst not repay then go straightway and tell thy neighbor, lest he condemn thee.

If thou shalt find that which thy neighbor has lost, thou shalt make diligent search till thou shalt deliver it to him again (D. & C. 136:25-26).

As a good neighbor, we should be happy in the accomplishments and successes of our neighbors and should not be jealous of their attainments. Likewise, even if our neighbor has wronged us, or makes a mistake, we should carefully avoid criticism and never delight in his misfortune.

> Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, and let not thine heart be glad when he stumbleth:
>
> Lest the Lord see it, and it displease him, and he turn away his wrath from him (Prov. 24:17-18).

Friendliness Towards Neighbors

Perhaps the most contagious desirable characteristic in any neighborhood is a spirit of friendliness. To the resident of long standing it gives a sense of security and contentment. To the newcomers, it spells a warm welcome and a feeling that all is well in their new location. It results in lifetime friendships that survive any number of geographic changes and sometimes develops into relationships even closer than those existing among members of the same families. Friendly neighbors are always the same and usually instill into their children a sense of loyalty toward other neighbors. This feeling remains with the children and is carried to new neighborhoods as they establish homes of their own. Joint neighborhood projects are appropriate in some neighborhoods, such as Christmas lighting projects, children's parades, and baby-tending exchanges. These promote friendliness, merriment, and wholesome, co-operative fun.

A friendly household is courteous and hospitable to the neighbor who calls. Especially is this true when "Church neighbors" come to call. How important it is that bishoprics, ward teachers, Relief Society visiting teachers, and other Church representatives receive a cordial welcome from all family members. Radio, television, and other pursuits should be set aside while the family plays host to such visitors. This same friendliness and hospitality can be cultivated by the family when invited guests are entertained in the home by special appointment.

"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

Nothing warms the heart more than to feel that one's neighbor has a genuine interest in his welfare. Many families have been moved to investigate and join the Church as a result of the kindness shown them by the Relief Society during sickness, accident, death, or other emergency. The answer to Cain's question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" is the force which underlies all of the service rendered by the Relief Society and other Church auxiliaries, Priesthood quorums, the missionary system, the Church Welfare Program, and neighborly gestures made by individual Latter-day Saints. We do not merit the name "saint" or "neighbor" unless our daily actions coincide with this philosophy as consistently as our Sunday observances do.

Tolerance of Neighbors' Views and Conduct

Many Latter-day Saints find themselves living near neighbors of other faiths, or in communities of contrasting beliefs and practices to our own. This provides an excellent opportunity for us to view our way of life in its proper perspective

and accept our neighbors the way Christ intended. Our convictions need not be compromised in any way, but we should, in all humility, learn to appreciate our neighbor's virtues, overlook his faults, and hope that he will be charitable enough to do the same with us.

Our children should be taught that there is good in all mankind, but that our standards are based on what we have been taught and the great responsibility we assume as Church members. We can teach the gospel best to our neighbors by the lives we live, not by discrediting the beliefs and practices of our neighbor. Newcomers should be extended a hand of fellowship and brotherhood in a Latter-day Saint community, invited to participate in our activities, and when opportune and appropriate, the gospel should be explained to them.

. . . If any man obey not our word by this epistle, note that man, and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed.

Yet count him not as an enemy, but admonish him as a brother (2 Thess. 3:14-15).

Forgiveness for Neighbors

As human beings, we often find ourselves in error, one way or another. We lean heavily on the principle of repentance for ourselves, but may be slow to forgive mistakes in another. As families and neighbors we need to cultivate the ability to forgive one another. Christ admonished us to forgive men their trespasses (Mt. 6:14-15) not once, but seventy times seven if necessary (Mt. 18:21-22). He gave the classic example of forgiveness in his encounter with the adulteress (John 8:1-10), as well as the test which any man must take before he accuses another. None of us can pass that test, so it behooves us to dismiss our grudges and heed counsel such as given by President Joseph F. Smith:

. . . We ought to say in our hearts, let God judge between me and thee, but as for me, I will forgive. I want to say to you that Latter-day Saints who harbor a feeling of unforgiveness in their souls are more guilty and more censurable than the one who has sinned against them. Go home and dismiss envy and hatred from your hearts; dismiss the feeling of unforgiveness; and cultivate in your souls that spirit of Christ which cried out upon the cross, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. . . ." The man who has that spirit in his heart and keeps it there will never have any trouble with his neighbor. . . . (*Gospel Doctrine*, page 256).

In spite of conscientious effort to be a good neighbor, misunderstandings and differences sometimes arise. To solve these differences we must first put our own houses in order, avoid spreading evil gossip to others, and without anger discuss the differences with our neighbor.

Moreover if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother (Mt. 18:15).

New Opportunities for Neighboring

In view of our complicated, rapid-paced living today, the world is in dire need of "good neighbors" and men everywhere are looking hungrily for good Samaritans. The word "neighbor" denotes far more than one nearby. Its greatest meaning entails outward giving of one's self in the interest of one's fellow men. The priest and Levite, in Christ's parable, both came close enough to befriend the wounded man, but only the Samaritan earned the designation of "neighbor." When our hearts are right, being a good neigh-

bor becomes more than a responsibility—it becomes a privilege.

Each of us should "search our hearts" and see how we can improve our neighborly relations. We should contemplate our homes and see, in the words of President David O. McKay, "whether the spirit of our homes is such that if an angel called, he would be pleased to remain" (President David O. McKay, October Conference, 1951). If we cannot give an unequivocal and affirmative reply to this query, we have yet some changes to make.

There is a destiny which makes us brothers;
None goes his way alone.
And whatever we give unto the lives of others
Comes back again into our own.

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11. *Gospel Doctrine,* Joseph F. Smith, "Love Your Enemies," chapter 18, page 337.

Questions for Discussion

1. In what way has our neighborhood circle widened in the last fifty years? Since the time of Christ?

2. Describe the best Latter-day Saint neighbor you ever had. The best non-Latter-day Saint neighbor you have had. Did they have characteristics in common?

3. How does one select a neighborhood when moving to a new location? What part should children play in making the choice?

4. What steps have been taken by the Latter-day Saints to be good neighbors to the Lamanites?

5. How does the Relief Society help us to be better neighbors?

6. In what ways can we be "our brother's keepers?"

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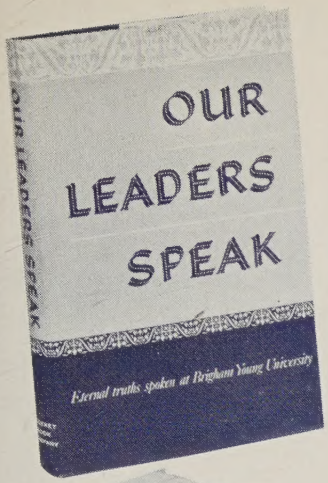

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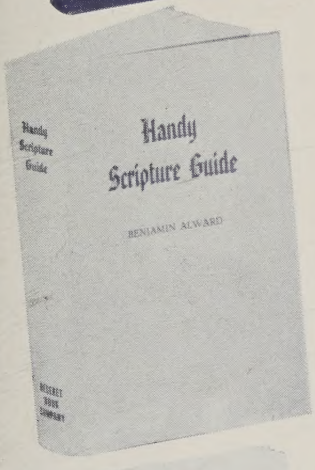

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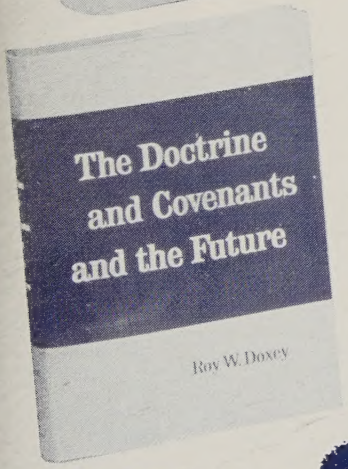

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